SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

—FOR THE—

KINDERGARTENS AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

ELEANOR SMITH.

PART 2.

Emma H. Sharp
~~310 Olive Place~~
2230 Grandview
Cedar Hgts

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SONGS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN

PART 2

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND GAMES

...FOR...

KINDERGARTENS AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

...BY...

ELEANOR SMITH

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MILTON BRADLEY CO.,
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TO
ALL HER PUPILS
GREAT AND SMALL
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
BY ITS
AUTHOR.

Thanks are due the Century Company and the Outlook Company for copyright privileges.

Special acknowledgement is due Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Director of the Frœbel Association, Chicago, for many new songs and games; also to Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley for her kindly coöperation.

Many valuable suggestions have been made by Miss Elizabeth Harrison and the teachers of the Chicago Kindergarten College, for which the author is greatly indebted. For the great helpfulness of her friends and pupils among Chicago kindergartners, the author wishes to express hearty thanks.

In many cases poems have been used of which names of author and publisher were unknown. Under these circumstances it was impossible to request permission to use these poems. In cases where such unintentional infringements were made, sincere apologies are tendered.

PREFACE.

IN GIVING Part II of Songs for Little Children to the public, the author and compiler wishes to make thankful acknowledgement of the kind reception given the predecessor of this volume.

The scope and object of Part II differ little from those of the earlier book, and though the music of the present volume is with few exceptions quite new, the same general plan of arrangement has been adhered to.

Many of these new songs are fresh settings of old Kindergarten favorites, whose desirability has been proven by years of practical use, but whose artistic form left much to be desired.

Others are new musical garments for the thought of the *Mutter und Kose Leider.*

The compiler would call special attention to a number of translations and arrangements of songs of Karl Reinecke and Wilhelm Taubert. Many of these, it is believed, are introduced to the American public for the first time in this book. As they are to the mind of the compiler, ideal children's songs, their use in Kindergartens and Schools cannot fail to have a most salutary effect upon the taste of teachers and pupils alike.

Of the book as a whole, it may be said that the collection has been made in answer to a definite demand for special songs by Chicago Kindergartners. It is believed, therefore, that it will meet many daily wants in the Kindergarten.

It is unnecessary to add that the ideal upon which the other book was founded remains unchanged in this. It has been the earnest desire of the author to send out a book whose contents, in simplicity of thought and its musical expression, in melody, rhythm and range, shall be adapted to the singers for whom they are intended. Unless united to this simplicity is some degree of poetic conception and artistic grasp, no songs have a reason for existence.

It is hoped that the friends of the earlier book will accord its successor the same hearty welcome as fell to the lot of Part I, and that the new book may prove useful to Kindergartners and Primary teachers thoughout the land.

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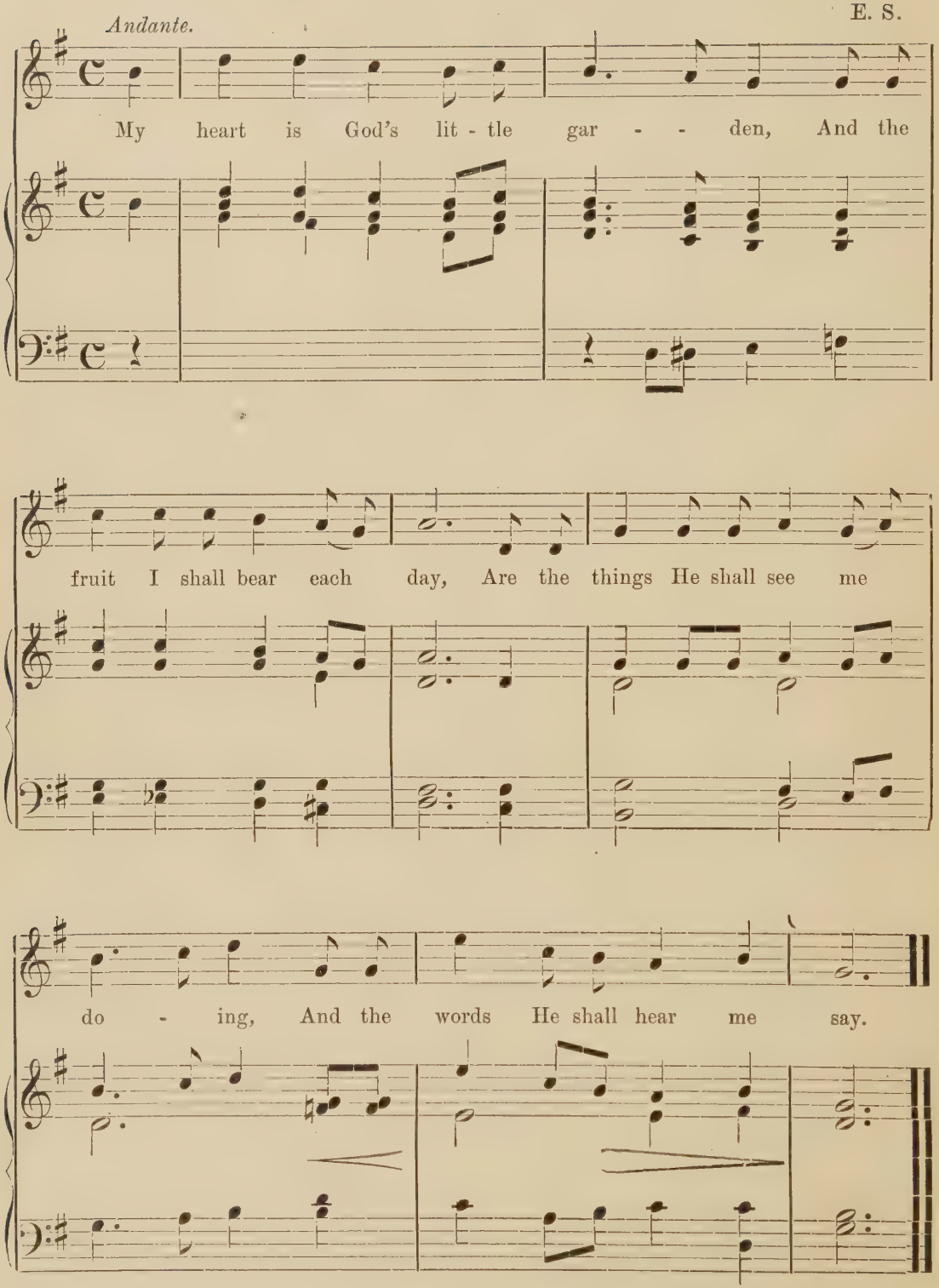
Good Morning to the Kindergarten.

L. A. C. E. S.

1. Good morn - ing to this pret - ty room, With all its pic - tures
2. Good morn - ing to our mer - ry games, I love them ev' - ry
dear; Good morn - ing, ta - bles, with your squares, Good morn - ing to you
one. Good morn - ing, lit - tle friends all here, Good morn - ing to Miss
lit - tle chairs, I'm glad that you are here, I'm glad that you are here.
Ma - ry dear, A hap - py day's be - gun, A hap - py day's be - gun.

My Heart Is God's Little Garden.

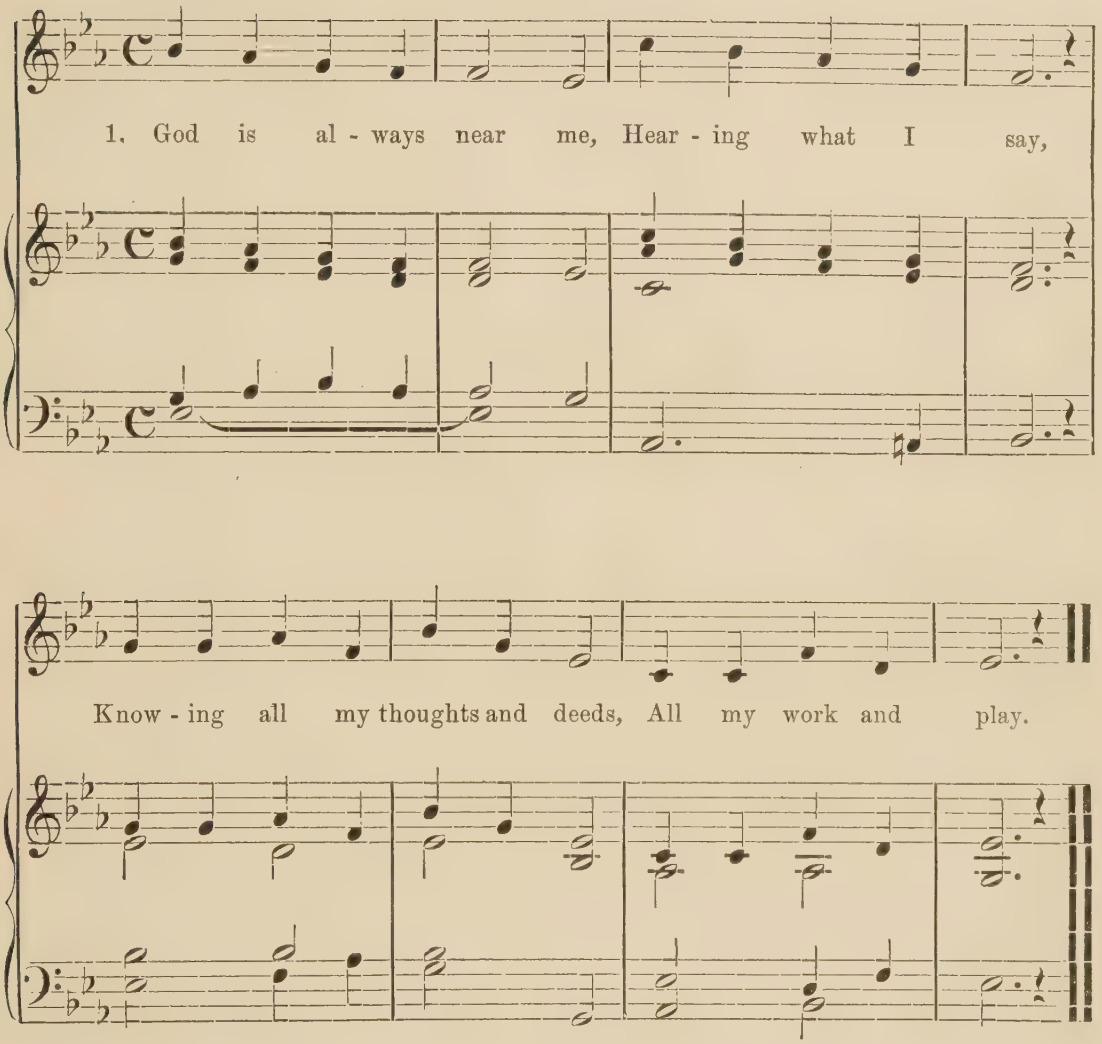
E. S.


Andante.
My heart is God's lit - tle gar - - den, And the
fruit I shall bear each day, Are the things He shall see me
do - ing, And the words He shall hear me say.

God Is Always Near Me.

E. S.

Andante.



2 God is always near me;
Though so young and small,
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

3 God is always near me;
In the darkest night,
He can see me just as well,
As by morning light.

Good Morning, Merry Sunshine.

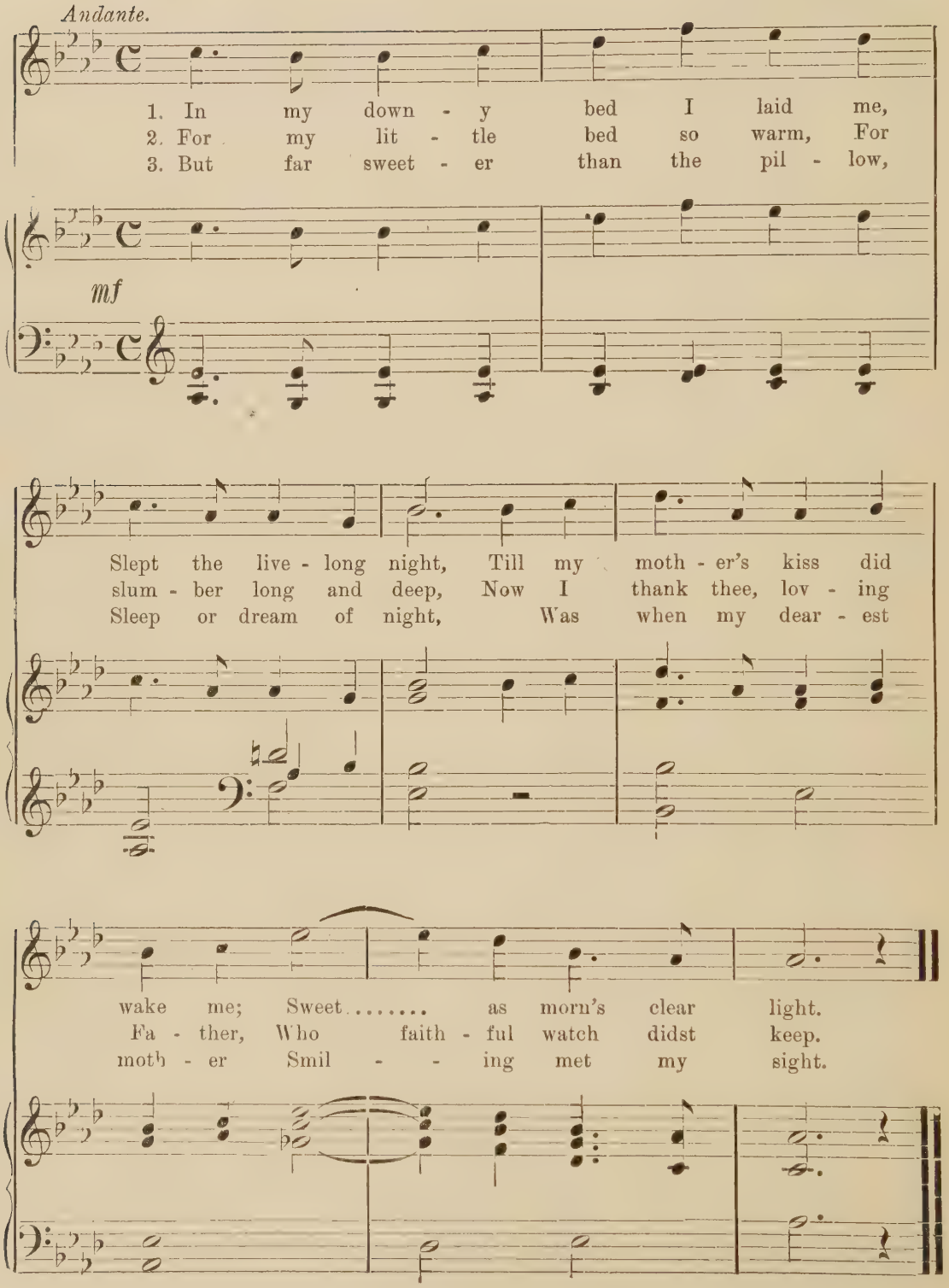
E. S.

Allegretto.
1. Good morn - ing, mer - ry sun - - shine, How
2. I nev - er go to sleep, dear child, I
did you wake so soon? You've scared the lit - tle
just go round to see, The lit - tle chil - dren
stars a - way, And driv'n a - way the moon. I
of the east, Who rise and watch for me. I

saw yon go to sleep last night, Be -
wak - en all the birds and bees, And
fore I ceased my play - ing, How did you get way
flow - ers on my way,..... I wake up lit - tle
o - ver there? And where have you been stay - ing.
chil - dren too, That stayed out late to play.....

Morning Prayer.

KARL REINECKE.

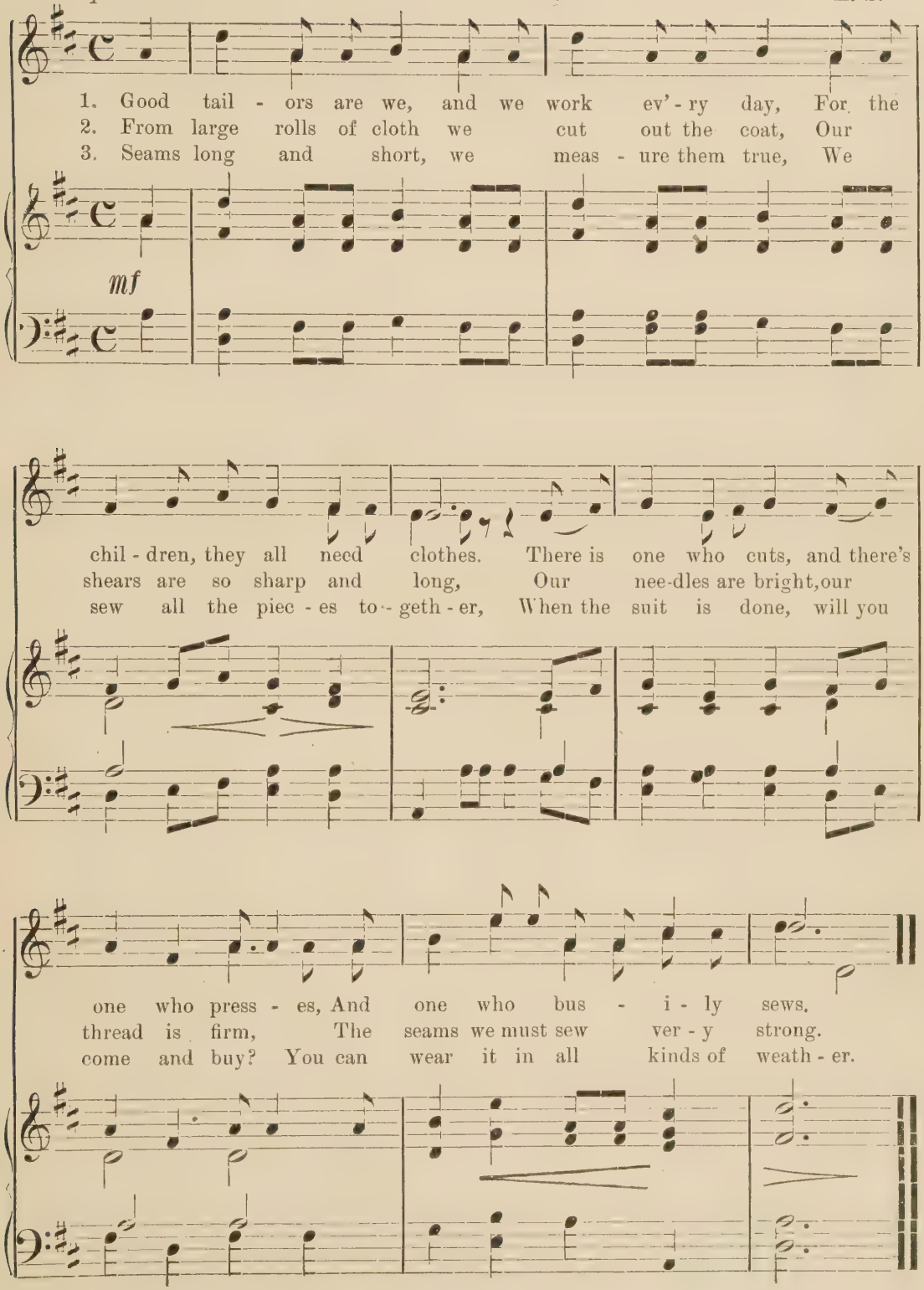

Andante.
1. In my down - y bed I laid me,
2. For my lit - tle bed so warm, For
3. But far sweet - er than the pil - low,
mf
Slept the live - long night, Till my moth - er's kiss did
slum - ber long and deep, Now I thank thee, lov - ing
Sleep or dream of night, Was when my dear - est
wake me; Sweet..... as morn's clear light.
Fa - ther, Who faith - ful watch didst keep.
moth - er Smil - - ing met my sight.

The Tailor.

GRACE S. WHEATON.

Spirited.

E. S.

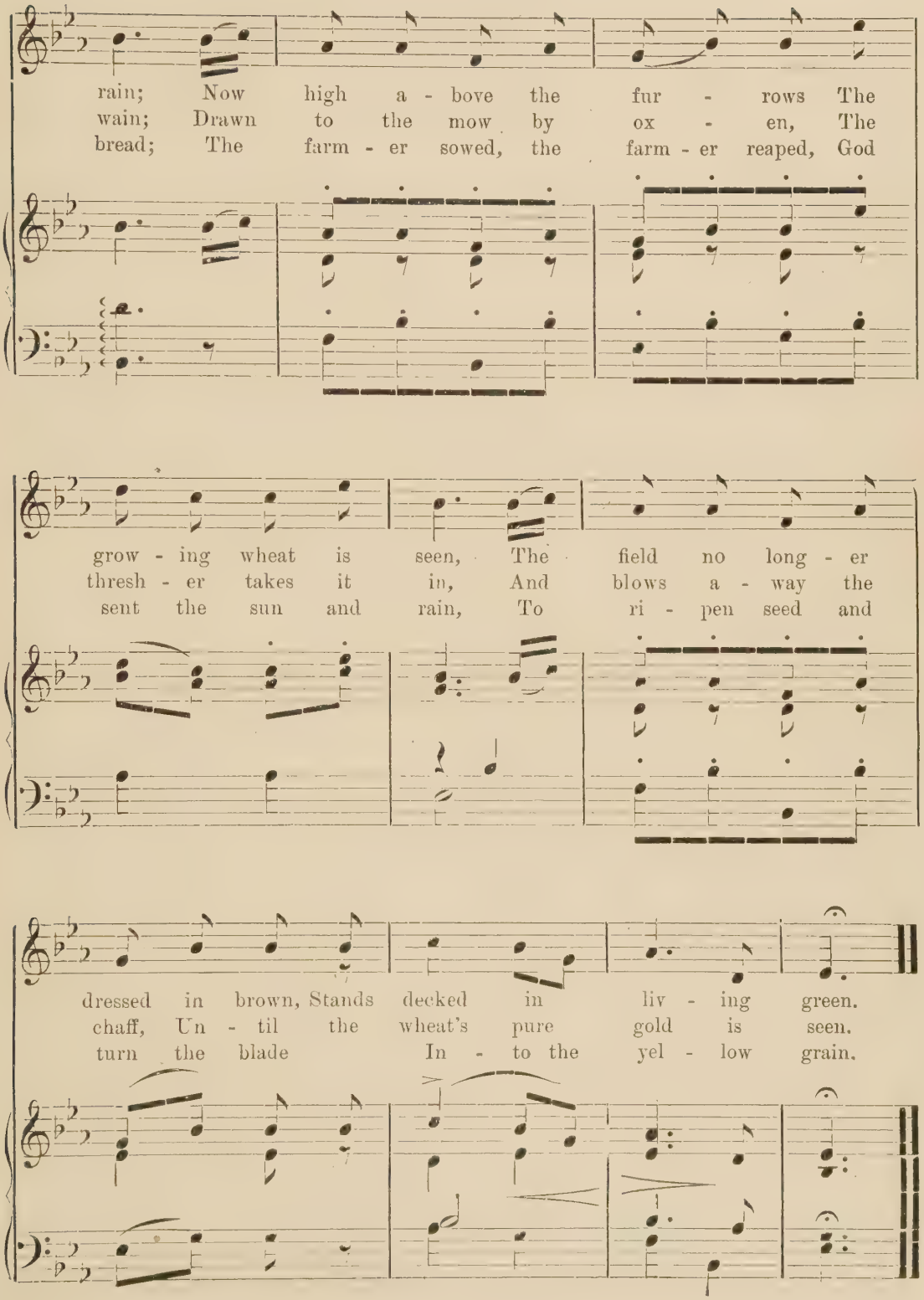

1. Good tail - ors are we, and we work ev'-ry day, For the
2. From large rolls of cloth we cut out the coat, Our
3. Seams long and short, we meas - ure them true, We
mf
chil - dren, they all need clothes. There is one who cuts, and there's
shears are so sharp and long, Our nee-dles are bright, our
sew all the piec - es to - geth - er, When the suit is done, will you
one who press - es, And one who bus - i - ly sews.
thread is firm, The seams we must sew ver - y strong.
come and buy? You can wear it in all kinds of weath - er.

The Farmer.

L. A. C. Arr. from REINECKE.

1. 'Tis spring! the field is
2. The sum - mer's heat comes
3. Now all for win - ter's
read - y, The farm - er plows a - gain, He
turn - ing, The blades to yel - low grain, The
read - y, The straw for cat - tle's bed, The
har - rows, rolls, then sows the wheat, And waits for sun and
farm - er reaps and binds it fast, Then piles up - on the
wheat to car - ry to the mill, To grind and use for

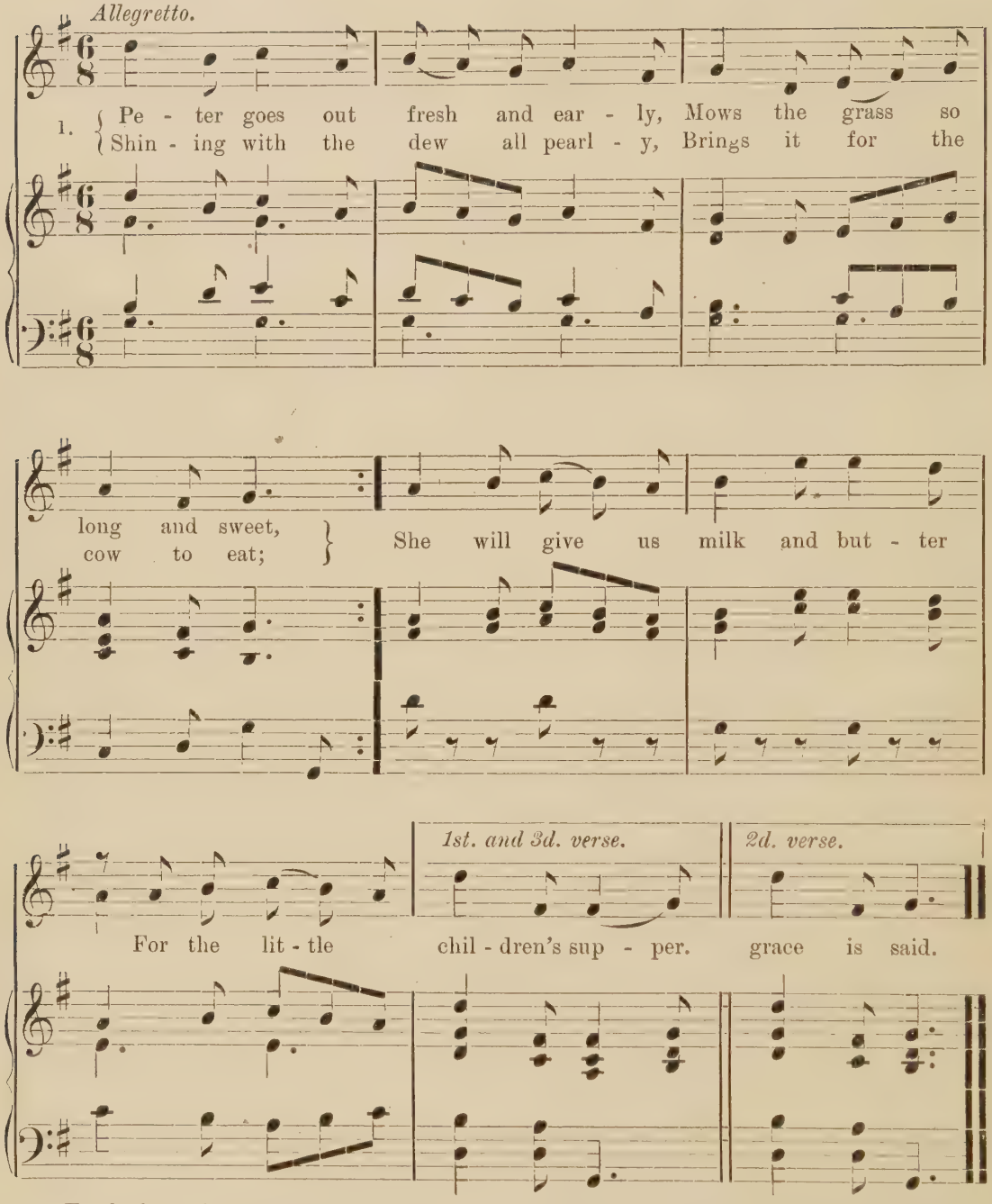
The Farmer. Concluded.


rain; Now high a - bove the fur - rows The
wain; Drawn to the mow by ox - en, The
bread; The farm - er sowed, the farm - er reaped, God
grow - ing wheat is seen, The field no long - er
thresh - er takes it in, And blows a - way the
sent the sun and rain, To ri - pen seed and
dressed in brown, Stands decked in liv - ing green.
chaff, Un - til the wheat's pure gold is seen.
turn the blade In - to the yel - low grain.

The Children's Supper.

After FROEBEL. E. S.

Allegretto.


1. Pe - ter goes out fresh and ear - ly, Mows the grass so
Shin - ing with the dew all pearl - y, Brings it for the
long and sweet,
cow to eat;
She will give us milk and but - ter
1st. and 3d. verse.
2d. verse.
For the lit - tle chil - dren's sup - per. grace is said.

2 Forth the maiden goes at evening,
Milks the cow with skillful hand,
Brings the pail in fresh and foaming,
For the eager little band;
Fills the bowl and breaks the bread,
Then hushes all while grace is said.

3 "Think, my children," says the mother,
"Whence so many blessings fall,"
Thank the farmer for his mowing,
Thank the cow, the maid, and all;
Thank the miller and the baker,
Most of all, the Lord our Maker.

Setting The Table.

A. H. P. *Moderato.* E. S.

1. See the lit - tle ta - ble here!
2. Get the spoons and forks; a dish For
Come, and help me set it, dear, Lay the cloth all
soup and meat and fish, Glass - es for the
smooth and straight, Now go bring for each a plate.
wa - ter bring, Put a nap - kin in each ring.

3 Bright, clean knives we'll not forget,
And when our table's nicely set,
You the dinner-bell may ring,
That all may hear its ling-a-ting.

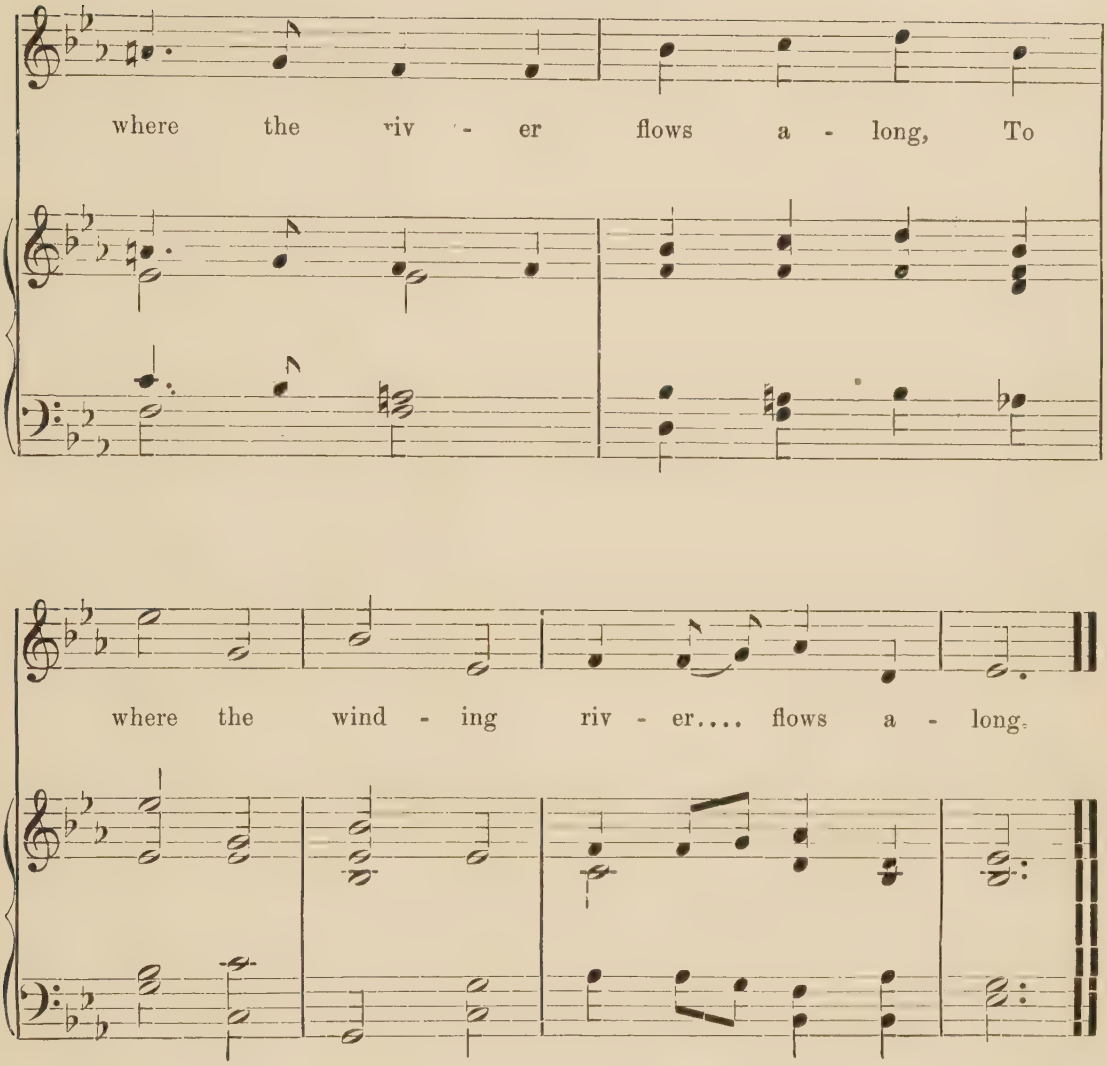
The Woodman.

A. H. P.

E. S.

Moderato.

The Woodman. Concluded.



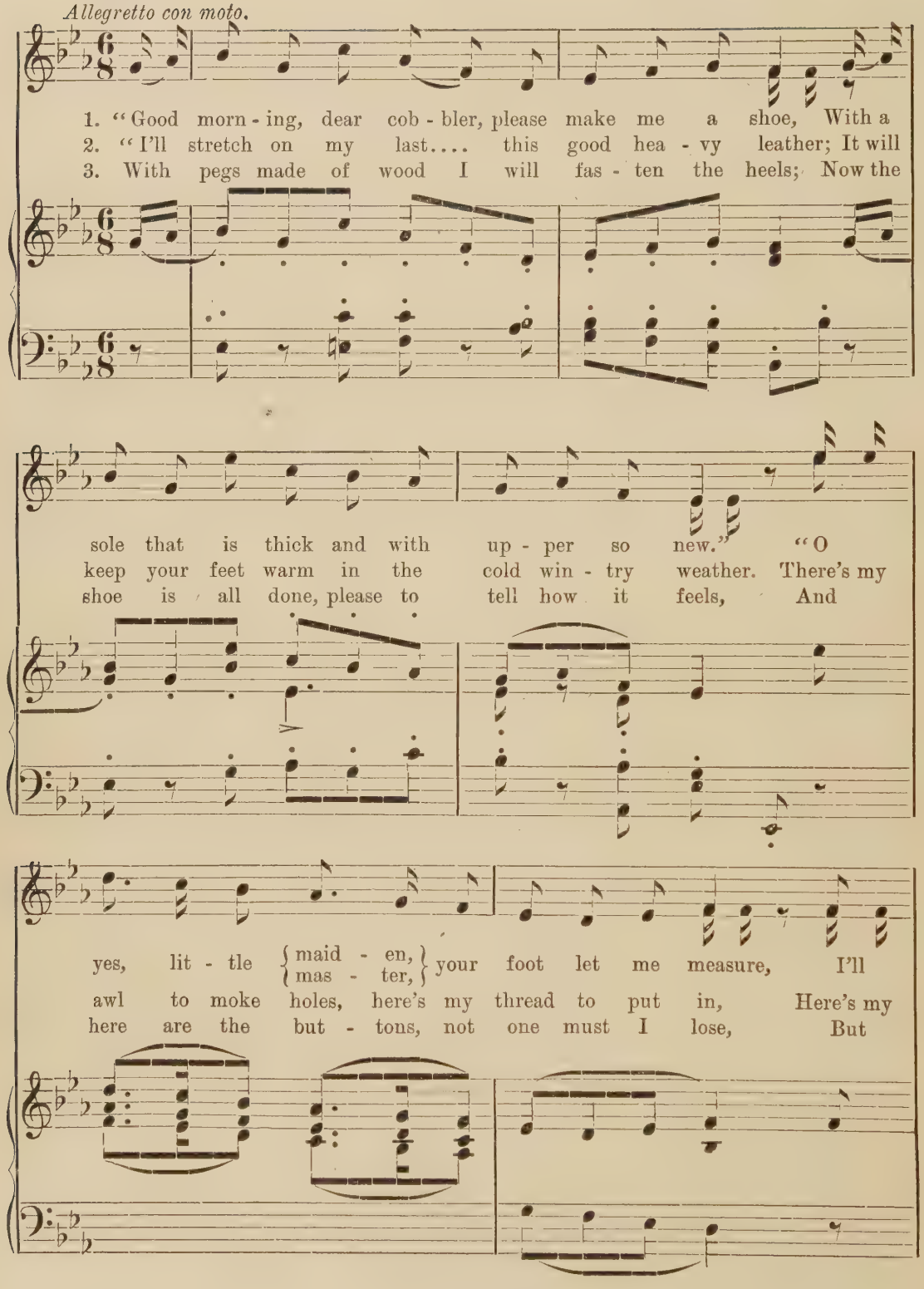
2 The water then by night and day
The rolling logs will bear away,
Until they reach the noisy mill
Where buzzing saws are never still,
Where buzzing saws are never, never still.

3 Of boards there cut and planed so true,
A cosey house is built for you,
And always there we hope to find
A little child both good and kind,
A happy little child both good and kind.

The Shoemaker.

A. H. P. E. S.

Allegretto con moto.


1. "Good morn - ing, dear cob - bler, please make me a shoe, With a
2. "I'll stretch on my last.... this good hea - vy leather; It will
3. With pegs made of wood I will fas - ten the heels; Now the
sole that is thick and with up - per so new." "O
keep your feet warm in the cold win - try weather. There's my
shoe is all done, please to tell how it feels, And
yes, lit - tle {maid - en, / mas - ter,} your foot let me measure, I'll
awl to moke holes, here's my thread to put in, Here's my
here are the but - tons, not one must I lose, But

The Shoemaker. Concluded.

cut them and fit them and sew them with pleasure." "Ho, ho,
shoe - mak - er's wax, so now let us be - gin." "Ho, ho,
sew them all tight, on the pret - ty new shoes. "Ho, ho,
ho, ho, ho. ho! Do you hear the good news? The
ho, ho, ho, ho! Do you hear the good news? The
ho. ho, ho, ho! Do you hear the good news? The
shoe - mak - er says he will make me some shoes."
shoe - mak - er's rea - dy to make my new shoes."
good bu - sy cob - bler has fin - ish'd my shoes."

Spin, Lassie, Spin!

KARL REINECKE.

Allegretto.
1. Spin, las - sie, spin! The thread goes out and
2. Sing, las - sie, sing, A mer - ry heart to
3. Learn, las - sie, learn, Your dai - ly bread to
in, Grow - ing like your yel - low hair, Sense will grow from
bring! As your spinning you be - gin, Keep a cheer-ful
earn; Learn to work and learn to pray, Spin - ning on from
year to year. Spin, las-sie, spin! Spin, las-sie, spin!
heart with - in. Sing, las-sie, sing! Sing, las-sie, sing!
day to day. Learn, las-sie, sing! Learn, las-sie, learn!

Washing Day.

LYDIA A. COONLEY. E. S.

Allegro.

1. Put the clothes in - to the tub, They must soak be -
2. Boil and boil and boil.... a - way, Fire is hot on
3. In the rins - ing wa - ter dash, Up and down now
mf
fore we rub, Soap must go on ev' - ry spot, Rub and
wash - ing day, Lift the clothes up - on the stick, Soap - suds
splash and splash, Thrice we rinse our clean white clothes, Here's the
rub,..... and put in wa - ter hot.....
drip - - ping, drip - ping, white and thick...
blu - - ing, carê - ful! in it goes.

4 Wring the pieces, one and all,
In the basket let them fall;
Starch is ready, dip each cuff,
Collars, too, till stiff enough.

5 Now we go into the yard,
Lines are waiting—stretch them hard;
Then hang all the clothes up high,
Sun and wind will make them white and dry.

Ironing Day.

BESSIE HILL. E. S.

Lively.

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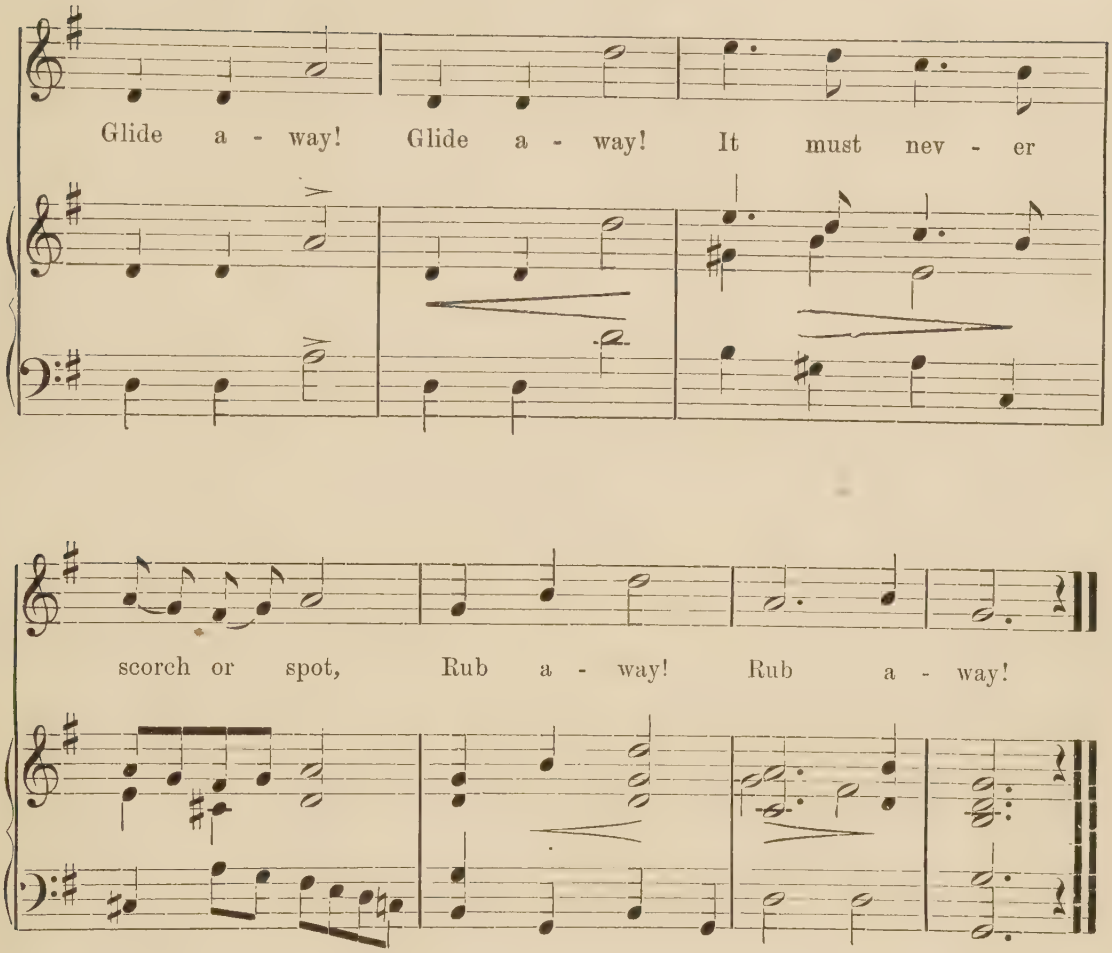


2 Then the cloth so soft and white,
Press away! Press away!
On the table must be tight,
Press away! Press away!
Crease and wrinkle must not be.
Smooth away! Smooth away!
Or the work is spoiled, you see,
Smooth away! Smooth away!

3 Every piece when pressed with care,
Work away! Work away!
Must be hung awhile to air.
Work away! Work away!
Then you fold them, one by one,
Put away! Put away!
For the ironing is done,
Happy day! Happy day!

The Merry Workers.

E. S.

Allegretto.

We're a band of mer - ry, mer - ry work men, Seek - ing pleas - ure
mf
in our lei - sure, All our tools are laid a - way,
Joy and mirth shall rule the day, Far - mers, cob - blers,
f
one and all, Come, join our dance both great and small.

Come, Little Leaves.

Andante. E. S.

1. "Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day, "Come o'er the mead - ows with me, and play, Put on your dress - es of red and gold, For sum - mer is gone, and the days grow cold."
2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call, Down they came flut - ter - ing, one and all. O - ver the brown fields they danced and flew, Sing - ing the sweet lit - tle songs they knew.

Harvest Song.

LYDIA A. COONLEY. E. S.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, leave your play, Let us all give
2. On the hill - side, on the plain, Au - tumn ri - pens
thanks to - day, For the har - vest's gold - en cheer, Earth's gift sea - son
fruit and grain, Ro - sy peach and rus - set pear, Fra - grant ap - ples
of the year, Earth's gift sea - son of the year.....
ev' - ry - where, Fra - grant ap - ples ev' - ry - where....

3 Purple grapes upon the vines,
Pumpkins straight from golden mines,
Oats and barley, corn and wheat,
Hay, that cattle long to eat.

4 Father, 'tis thy loving hand
Gives the harvest to our land,
At thy feet thy gifts we lay,
Thine is this fair harvest day.

Thanksgiving Song.

L. A. C.

E. S.

Andante.

1. Sum - mer is gone, Au - tumn is here, This is the
2. Car - rots in cel - lars, Beets by their side, Full is the
3. Fa - ther in heav - en, Thank thee for all, Win - ter and
har - vest For all the year. Corn in the crib,
hay - loft What fun to ride! Ap - ples are bar - reled,
spring - time, Sum - mer and fall. All thine own gifts
Oats in the bin, Wheat is all threshed, Bar - ley drawn in.
Nuts laid to dry, Frost on the gar - den, Win - ter is nigh.
To thee we bring, Help us to praise thee, Our heaven - ly King.

We Plow the Fields.

Andante. E. S.

1. We plow the fields and scat - ter The good seed o'er the
2. He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the
3. All good gifts that sur - round us Are sent from Heav'n a -
land, But it is fed and wa - ter'd By
grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And
bove, Then praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Give
cres.
God's al - might - y hand, By God's al - might - y hand.
sweet re - fresh - ing rain, And sweet re - fresh - ing rain.
thanks for all his love, Give thanks for all his love.

Christmas Carol.

ANDREA HOFER. ELEANOR SMITH.

1. Green hol - ly boughs bring, Let all the bells ring, Glad
Christ - mas trees bend With gifts for each friend, While
car - ols they fling, For the an - gels sing, Our Christ is
sweet songs as - cend With the an - gels' to blend, Our Christ is
cres.
1st.
2d.
born.... to - day!..... 2. Let day.....

Santa Claus!

Translated by LYDIA A. COONLEY. CARL REINECKE.

1. What, what shall San - ta Claus bring Hel - en? San - ta Claus!
2. What, what shall San - ta Claus bring Stan - ley? San - ta Clans!
3. What, what shall San - ta Claus bring Pol - ly? San - ta Claus!
f
p poco rit.
House for dol - ly dear to dwell in, Lit - tle tow'r to
Ar - my hor - ses pranc - ing grand - ly, Sol - diers rid - ing
Lit - tle brown - ies fat and jol - ly, Can - dy, cake, and
f
hang a bell in. San - ta Claus!
tall and man - ly. San - ta Claus!
wreath of hol - ly. San - ta Claus!
p

4 What shall Santa Claus bring Harry?
Santa Claus!
Gay balloons all light and airy,
Tops that spin like any fairy!
Santa Claus!

Christmas Song.

LYDIA A. COONLEY. German.

Animato.

1. Bells are ring - ing in the air, Hol - ly branch - es ev' - ry -
2. Will he bring us sol - diers fine, March - ing in a splen - did
where! Soon will come the rein-deer sleigh, San - ta Claus will drive this way.
line? Guns and can - non, horn and drums? I can't wait un - til he comes!

3 Stocking hanging on the chair,
Will he surely see it there?
Fill it full of candy sweet,
Fruit and nuts for us to eat?

4 Lucy says she wants a doll,
Sled and skates he'll bring for all;
Oh! what fun we'll have at play,
On the merry Christmas day!

Jack Frost.

Words from Kindergarten Magazine. E. S.

1. Old Jack Frost he is here once a gain, he comes ev-'ry win - ter, you
2. Old Jack Frost lays his hand on the pond and turns it to glit - ter - ing
know. But we're hard - y and bold and we don't mind the cold, And we'll
ice; Then the skat - ers they glide and the slid - ers they slide, Just
wel-come the sleet and the ice and snow, And we'll wel - come the ice and the
think of it, think of it, isn't it nice? Just think of it, isn't it

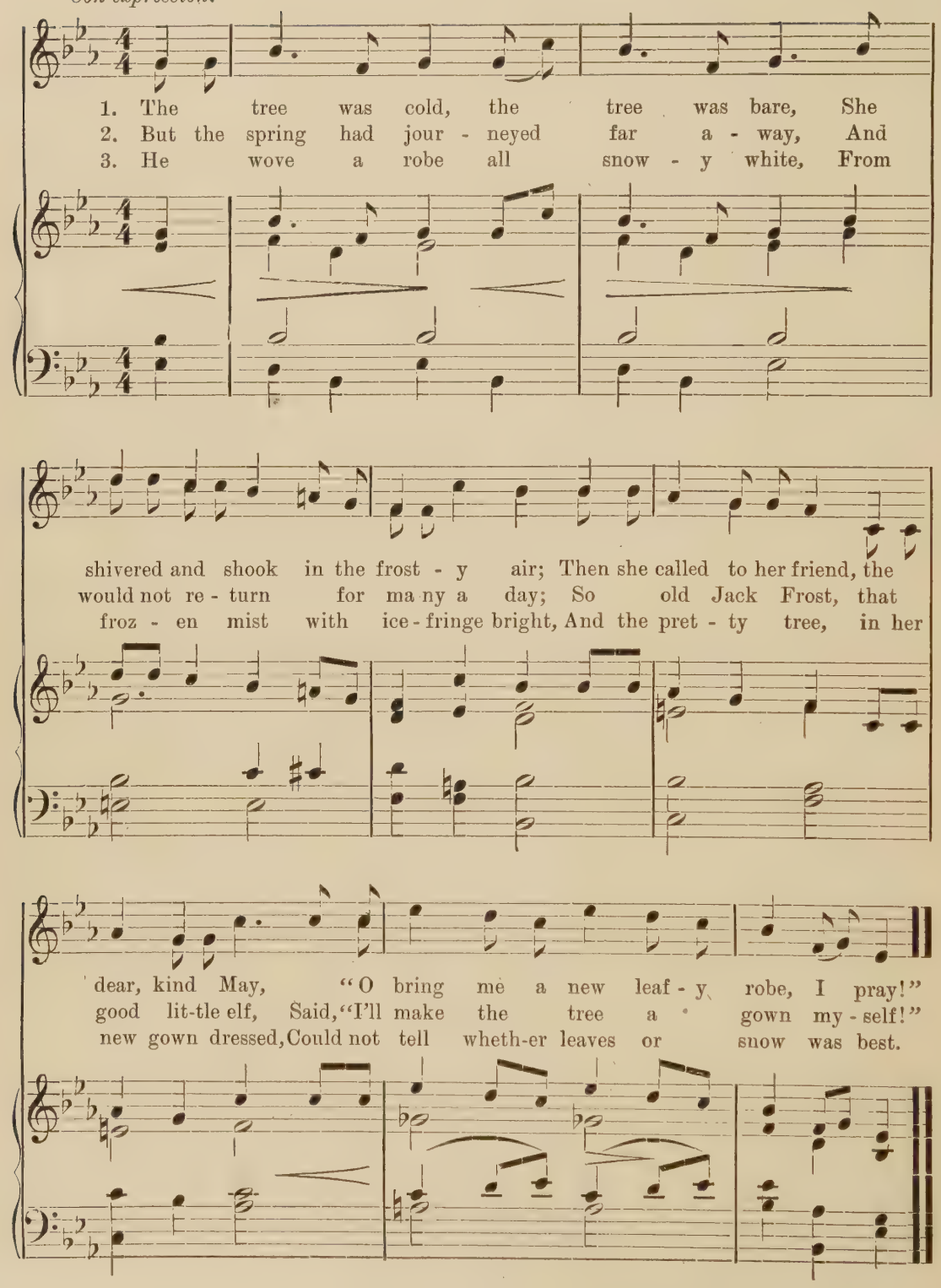
Old Jack Frost. Concluded.

snow. Old Jack Frost plays a rough sort of game, With the
nice? Old Jack Frost is sure to be found Where the
chil - dren wher-ev - er he goes; He pinch - es their cheeks, their
sleigh - bells are tink - ling clear, As the hors - es so strong can - ter
nos - es he tweaks, And he treads ver - y hard on their ten small toes.
gay - ly a long, And the lads give a shout, a shout and a cheer.

The Tree In Winter.

E. S.

Con expression.


1. The tree was cold, the tree was bare, She
2. But the spring had jour - neyed far a - way, And
3. He wove a robe all snow - y white, From
shivered and shook in the frost - y air; Then she called to her friend, the
would not re - turn for ma ny a day; So old Jack Frost, that
froz - en mist with ice - fringe bright, And the pret - ty tree, in her
dear, kind May, "O bring me a new leaf - y robe, I pray!"
good lit-tle elf, Said, "I'll make the tree a gown my - self!"
new gown dressed, Could not tell wheth-er leaves or snow was best.

Snowball Song.

L. A. C. E. S.

Lightly.

1. The east wind brings the mer - ry snow, The north wind says, "I'll
2. This is the time for fun and play, I'll snow - ball you this
3. A snow - ball here! A snow - ball there! We send them fly - ing
blow, I'll blow," He piles it up in drifts so white, That sunshine turns to
ver - y day! I'll make the balls both round and flat, And pow - der them up -
in the air, Oh, mer - ry mer - ry is the day, When white snow tells us
sil - ver bright, That sun - shine turns to sil - ver bright.
on your hat, And pow - der them up - on your hat.
how to play, When white snow tells us how to play.

The Sap Has Begun to Flow.

ANDREA HOFER. E. S.

Allegretto.

The woods are still sleep - ing, But grass is a - peep - ing From
p
un - der the snow. The swal - lows are com - ing, The bees are a -
cres.
hum - ming, The sap..... has be - gun to.... flow!
f
poco rit.
a tempo

The buds that were hid - den In brown coats are bid - den To
break and let the world know The Ice - king is quak - ing The
cres.
spring-time is wak - ing, For sap..... has be - gun to flow!

Now the Time Has Come.

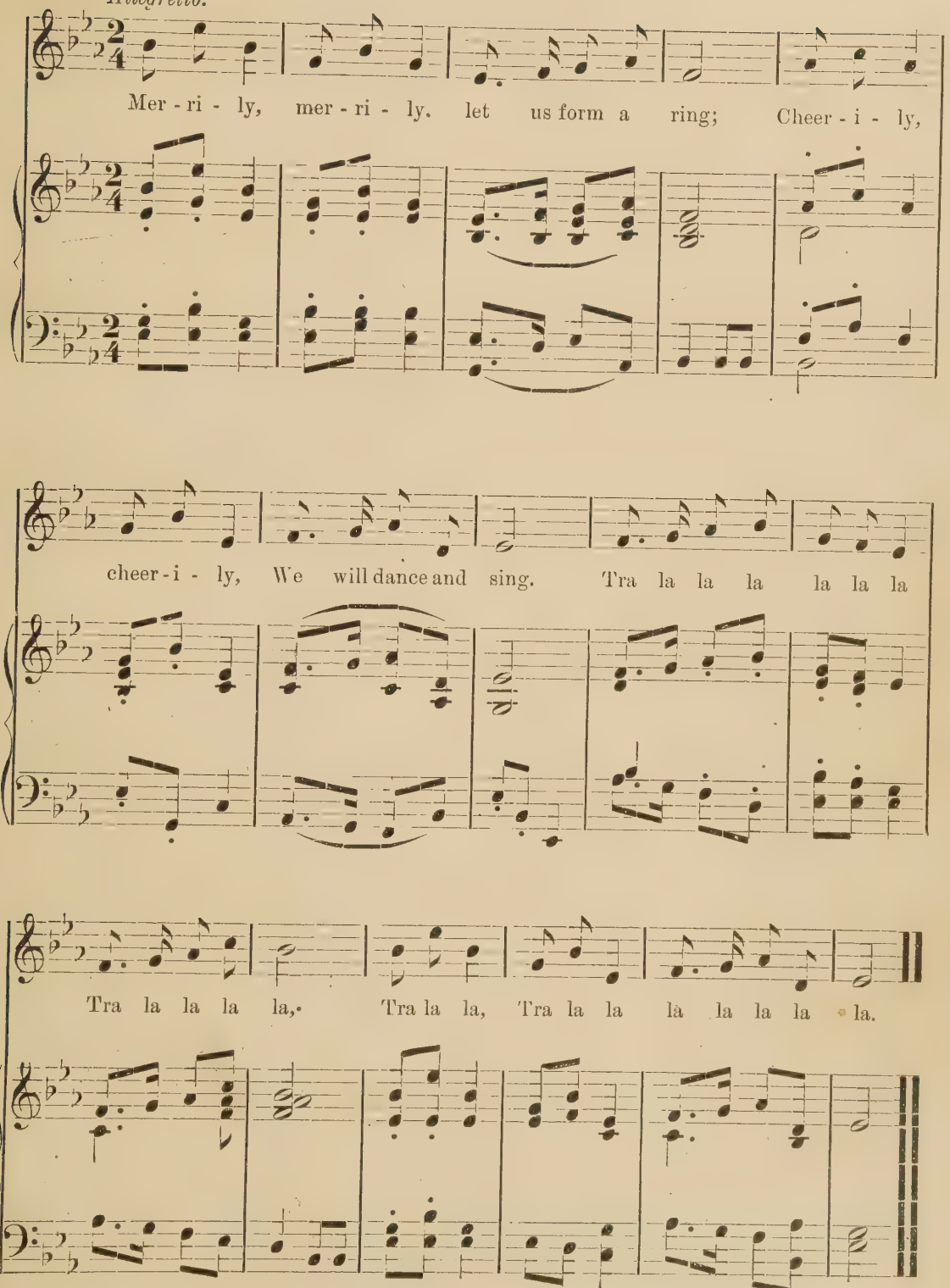
Allegro. E. S

Now the time has come for play; Let the lead - er show the way.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Heads e - rect, and join ing hands, Each be - side the oth - er stands.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Forming the Ring.

E. S.

Allegretto.


Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, let us form a ring; Cheer - i - ly,
cheer - i - ly, We will dance and sing. Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

Finding The Place.

H. G. E. S.

Andante.

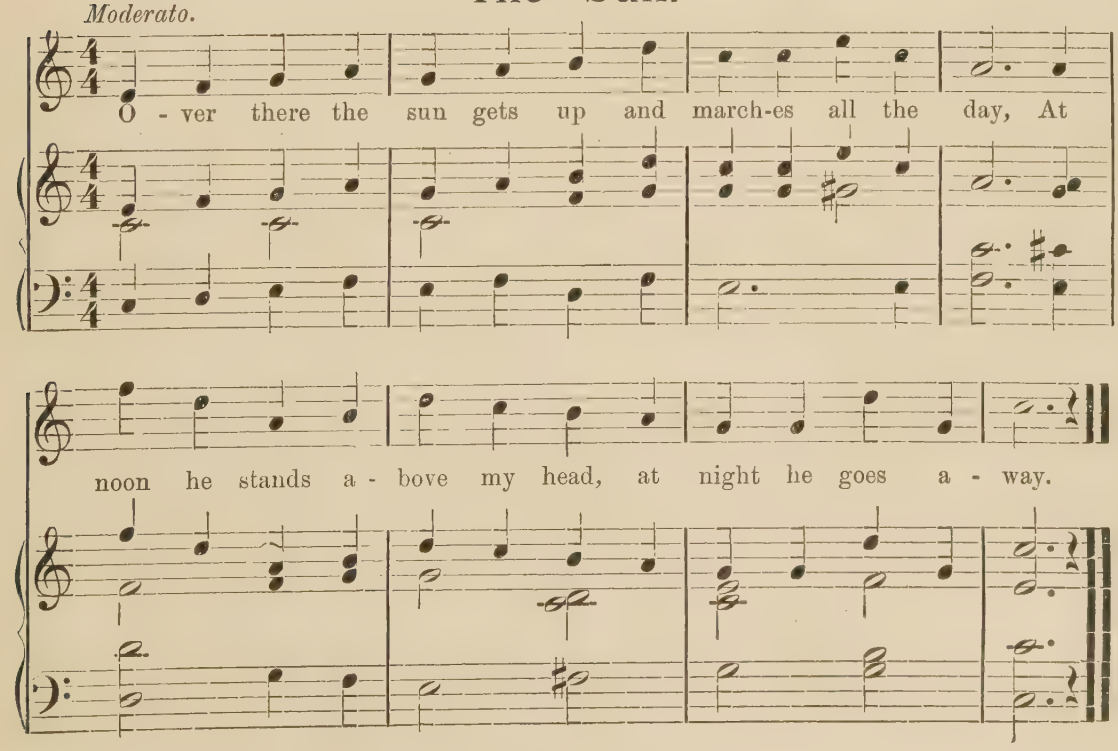
1. The Au - tumn leaves are whirl - ing A -
2. The snow - flakes come a - sail - ing A -
cross the grass so brown, But each one finds his
cross the cold, grey sky, But each will soft - ly
place at last, And soft - ly set - tles down.
nes - - tle To earth by - and - by.

Patter, Patter, Here They Come.

Moderato.

The Sun.

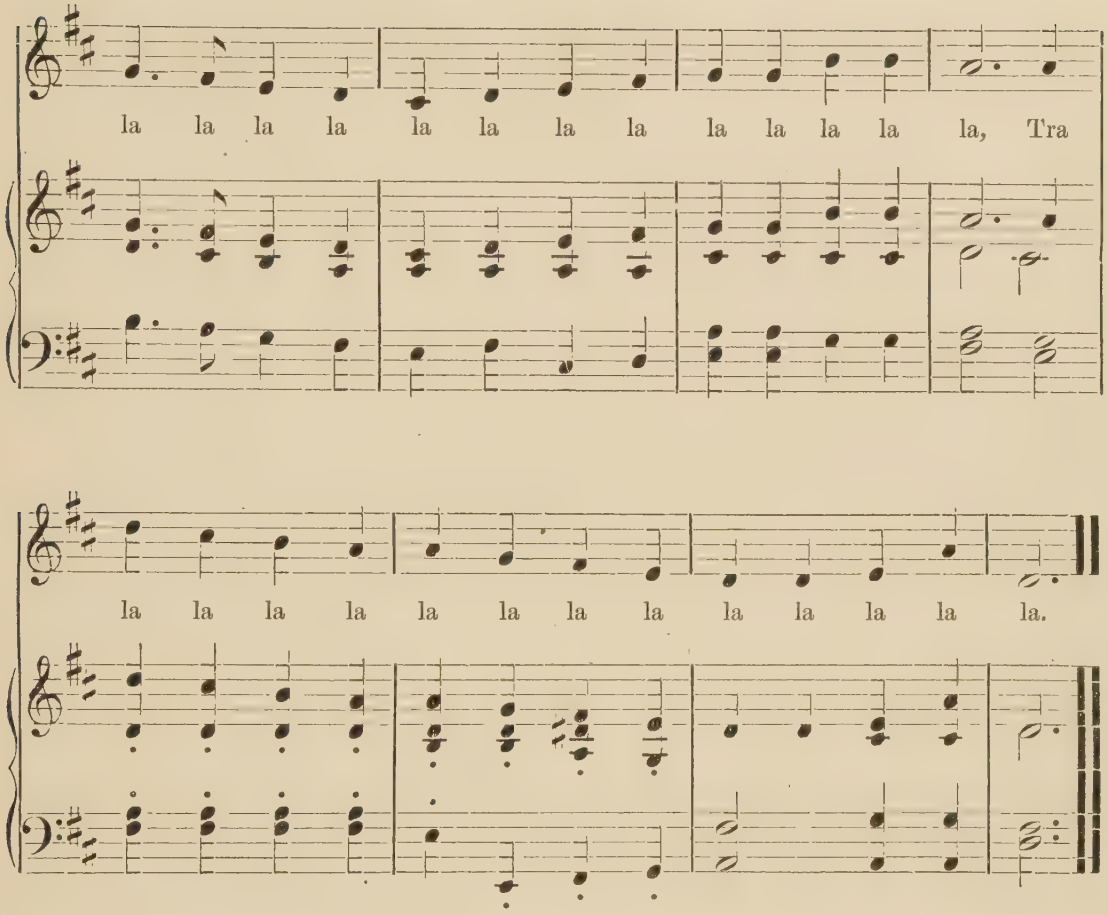
Moderato.



Come and Join our Circle.

ALICE H. PUTNAM. E. S.

1. O come and join our cir - cle, We'll
2. Now hands and arms we'll straight - en, Like
have a mer - ry play, With voic - es soft and
for - est trees so tall, And on the branch - es
joy - ous, We'll sing and dance this way. Tra
wav - ing, See bird - ie's nest so small.



3 The little hares are running,
And jumping o'er the ground,
Their long ears bending forward,
To catch each tiny sound.
Tra la la la, etc.

4 And now some little squirrels
Are running out and in,
The nuts for food they're hiding,
Ere winter days begin.
Tra la la la, etc.

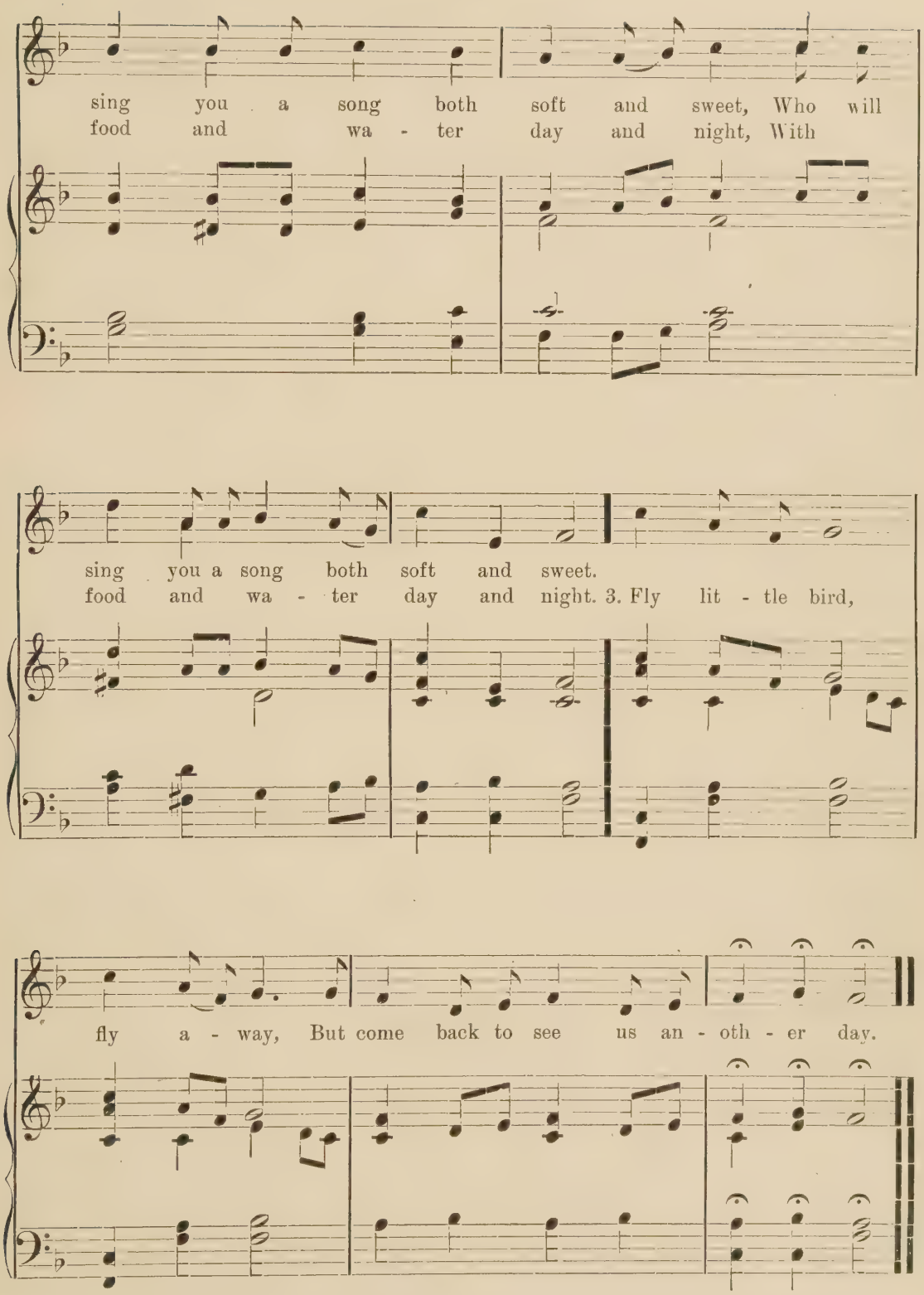
5 Here come dear little children
To spend a holiday,
With lunch and ball and hammock.
They'll come and join our play.
Tra la la la, etc.

Fly, Little Bird.

E. S.

Allegretto.
1. Fly, lit - tle bird, fly round the ring,
2. Stay, lit - tle bird, stay with me, And
Fly, lit - tle bird, while we all sing, Then
my own dear lit - tle pet you'll be, I'll
fly down to some child's feet, Who will
give you a gold - en house so bright, With

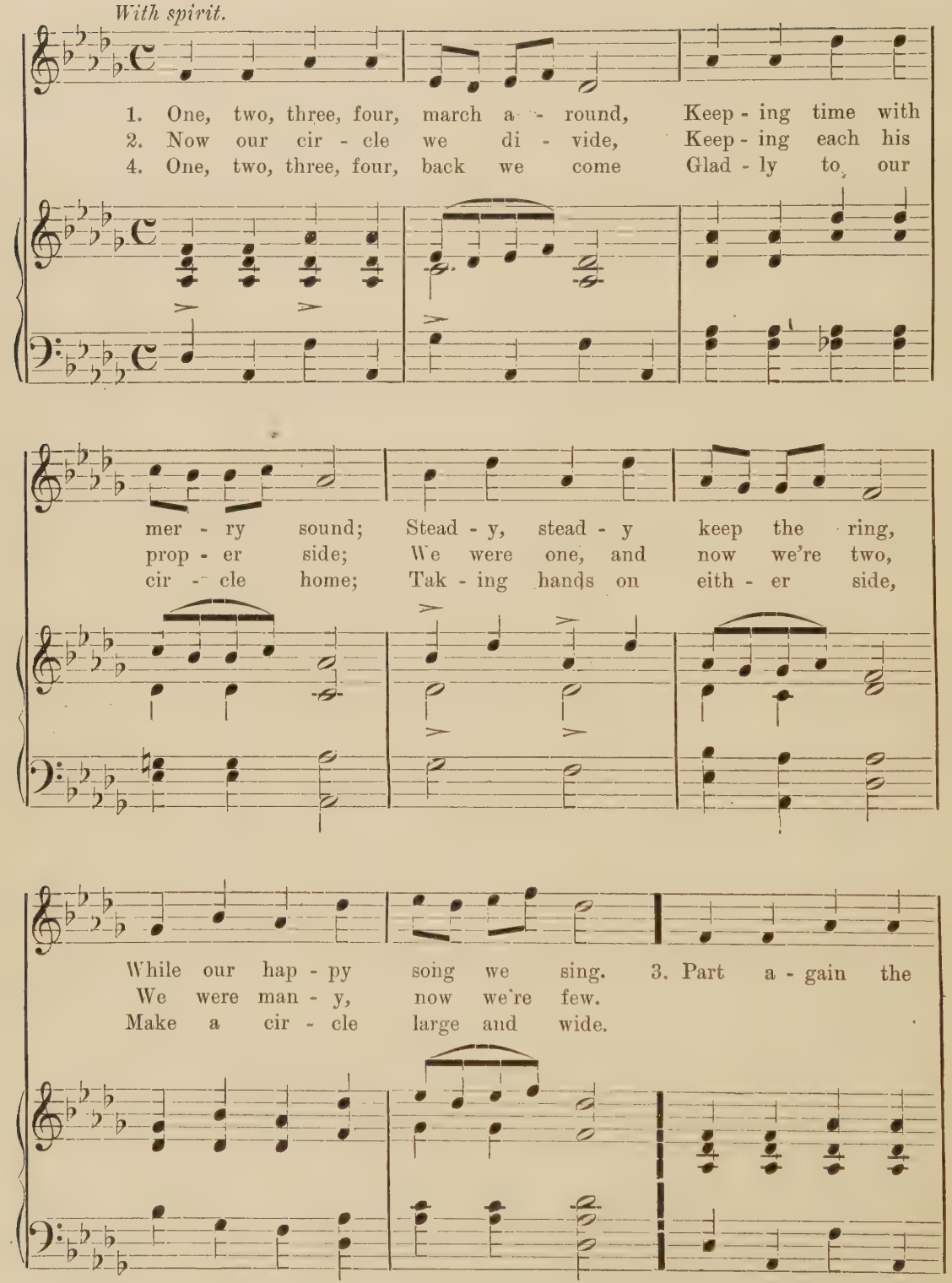
Fly, Little Bird. Concluded.


sing you a song both soft and sweet, Who will
food and wa - ter day and night, With
sing you a song both soft and sweet.
food and wa - ter day and night. 3. Fly lit - tle bird,
fly a - way, But come back to see us an - oth - er day.

The Circles.

E. S.

With spirit.


1. One, two, three, four, march a - round, Keep - ing time with
2. Now our cir - cle we di - vide, Keep - ing each his
4. One, two, three, four, back we come Glad - ly to our
mer - ry sound; Stead - y, stead - y keep the ring,
prop - er side; We were one, and now we're two,
cir - cle home; Tak - ing hands on eith - er side,
While our hap - py song we sing. 3. Part a - gain the
We were man - y, now we're few.
Make a cir - cle large and wide.

The Circles. Concluded.

lit - tle bands, Each one mind - ing well the hands,
Now we're brok-en in - to four, Left and right two cir - cles more,
Let my lit - tle hands go loose, Let me go where - e'er I choose.

A Partner So Merry.

K. Reinecke.

Allegro.
1. A part - ner right mer - ry, po - lite and gay and
2. Our dance now is o - ver; take back your part - ner
f
neat, Go seek 'mong your play-mates, then dance with nim - ble
kind. And each in our cir - cle, a - gain his place may
feet. Tra la la, t'a la la, Tra la la la la, tra la
find.
la la la tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la.

Dancing Song.

LYDIA A. COONLEY. E. S.

Allegretto.

1. To and fro gay we go,
2. Round and round to mu - sic's sound,
For - ward glid - ing, back - ward slid - ing, Heel and toe
Quick - ly turn - ing, hap - py learn - ing; Heel and toe
here we go, O how I love danc - ing!
light may go, When we all love danc - ing!

Did You Ever See a Lassie.

Allegro. E. S.

Did you ev-er see a las - sie, a las - sie, a las - sie. Did you
ev - er see a las - sie do this way and that? Do
this way and that way? Do this way and that way? Did you
ev - er see a las - sie do this way and that?

Little Mice.

E. S.

Andantino.

p

Still as lit - tle mice we're creep-ing, O - ver to the ring,

p

Hands and feet, be ve - ry qui - et! Then our song we'll sing.

I Put my Right Hand In.

With accent.

I put my right hand in, I put my right hand out, I

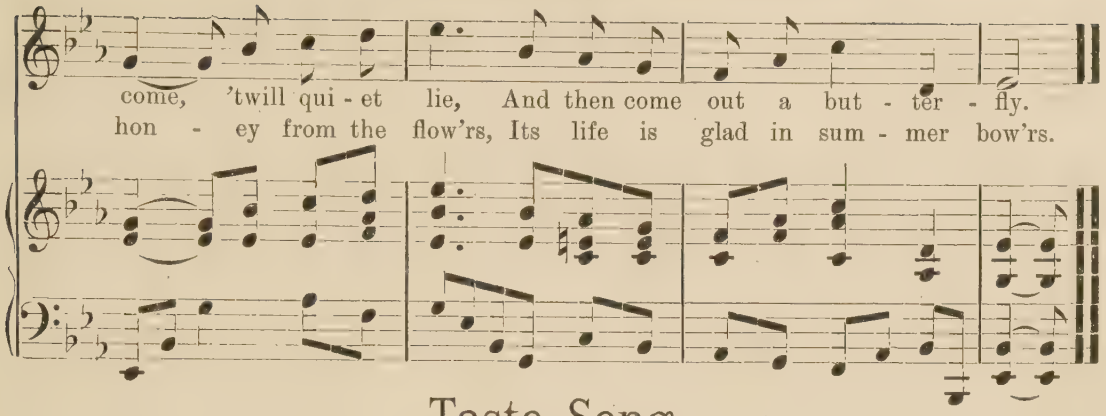
give my right hand a shake, shake, shake, And turn my bo-dy a - bout.

The Caterpillar.

Andantino. E. S.

1. A creep - ing thing up - on the ground..... Crawls
2. O there it is! O see it fly!..... ... A
sad and slow a wear - y round;.... 'Tis spin - ning now a down - y
love - ly, love - ly but - ter - fly!..... It spreads its wings so daz zling
nest,.... Where it may take its win - try rest, Till spring days
bright, And sails a - way in air - y flight, It's food is

The Caterpillar. Concluded.



Taste Song.

NELLIE C. ALEXANDER. E. S.

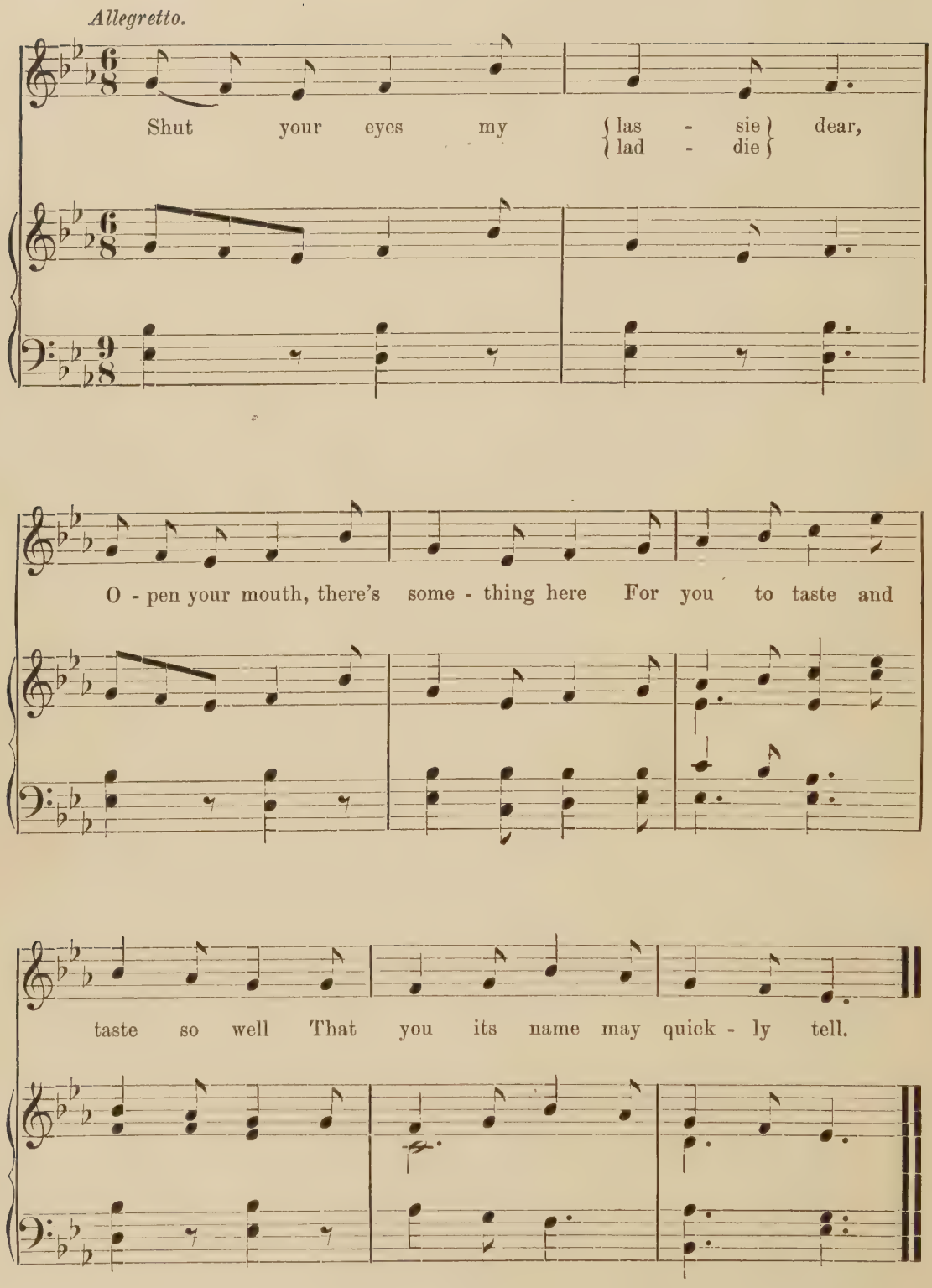
dolce.
1. Come to the garden-feast, little one, come. Pretty and plump is the rouud, pur - ple plum, It's
nectar cup brimming with ripe juic-es rare, All read-y and wait-ing its rich-ness to share.

2 Cherrytrees glow with their ripeness of red,
They, too, are waiting a fruit feast to spread,
Though sour to the tongue, 'tis ready for food,
Taste, little darling, 'twill do my child good.

3 Close by, an apple, in dress of cool green,
On slender bough bending, above us is seen.
"Not ripe yet," it says. Though pretty it seems,
If eaten today, 'twould trouble our dreams.

4 Good-bye, pretty apple, good-bye, for today,
Warmed by the sunshine, and kissed by each ray,
You'll grow round and red. We'll grow stout and tall,
Then you will welcome our coming next fall.

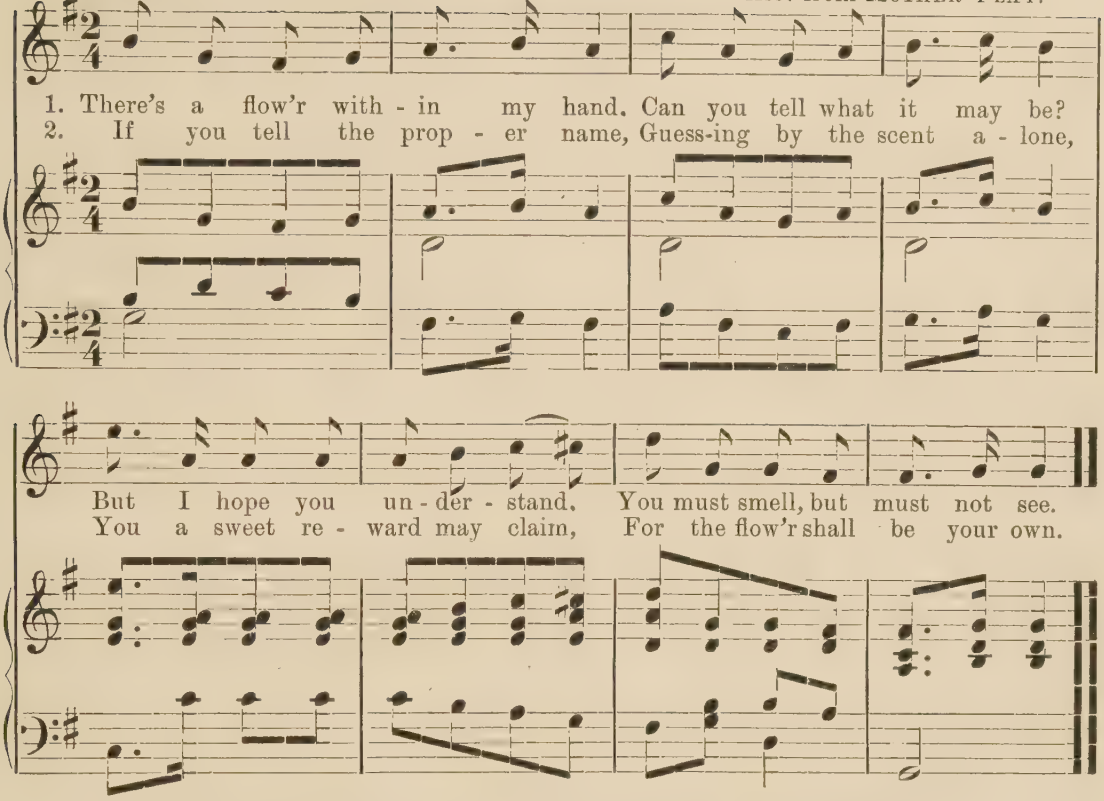
Tasting.


Allegretto.
Shut your eyes my las - sie / lad - die dear,
O - pen your mouth, there's some - thing here For you to taste and
taste so well That you its name may quick - ly tell.

Smelling.

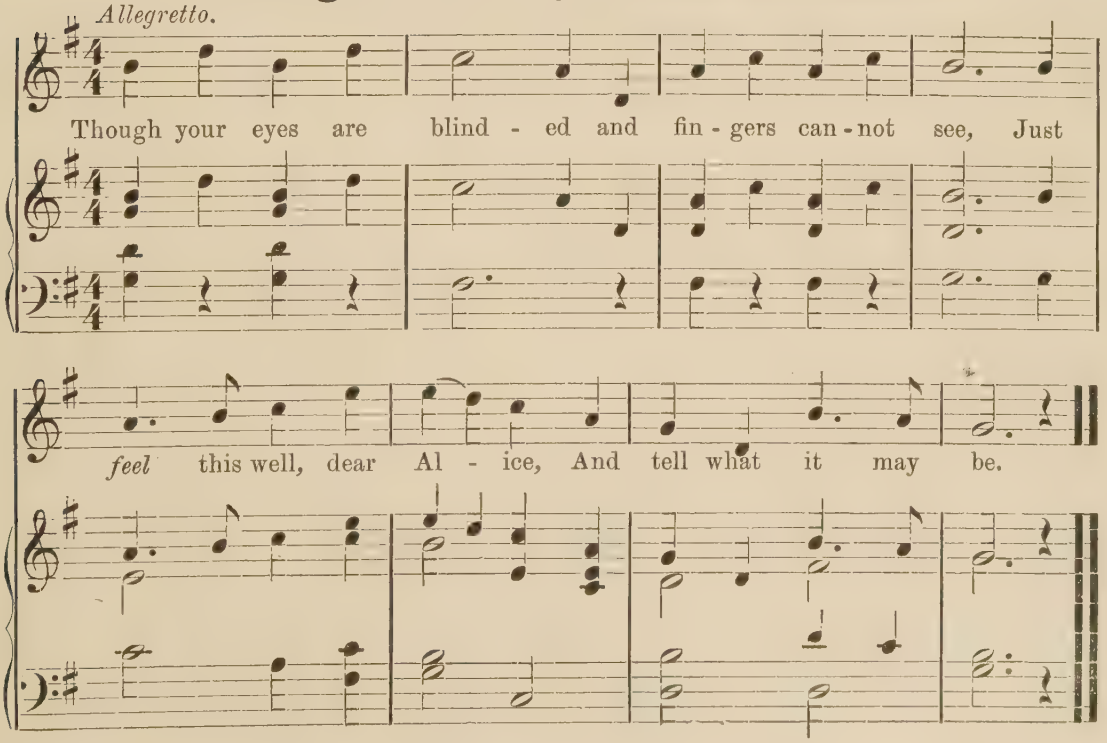
Moderato.

Arr. from MOTHER PLAY.


1. There's a flow'r with - in my hand. Can you tell what it may be?
2. If you tell the prop - er name, Guess-ing by the scent a - lone,
But I hope you un - der - stand. You must smell, but must not see.
You a sweet re - ward may claim, For the flow'r shall be your own.

Though Your Eyes Are Blinded.

Allegretto.



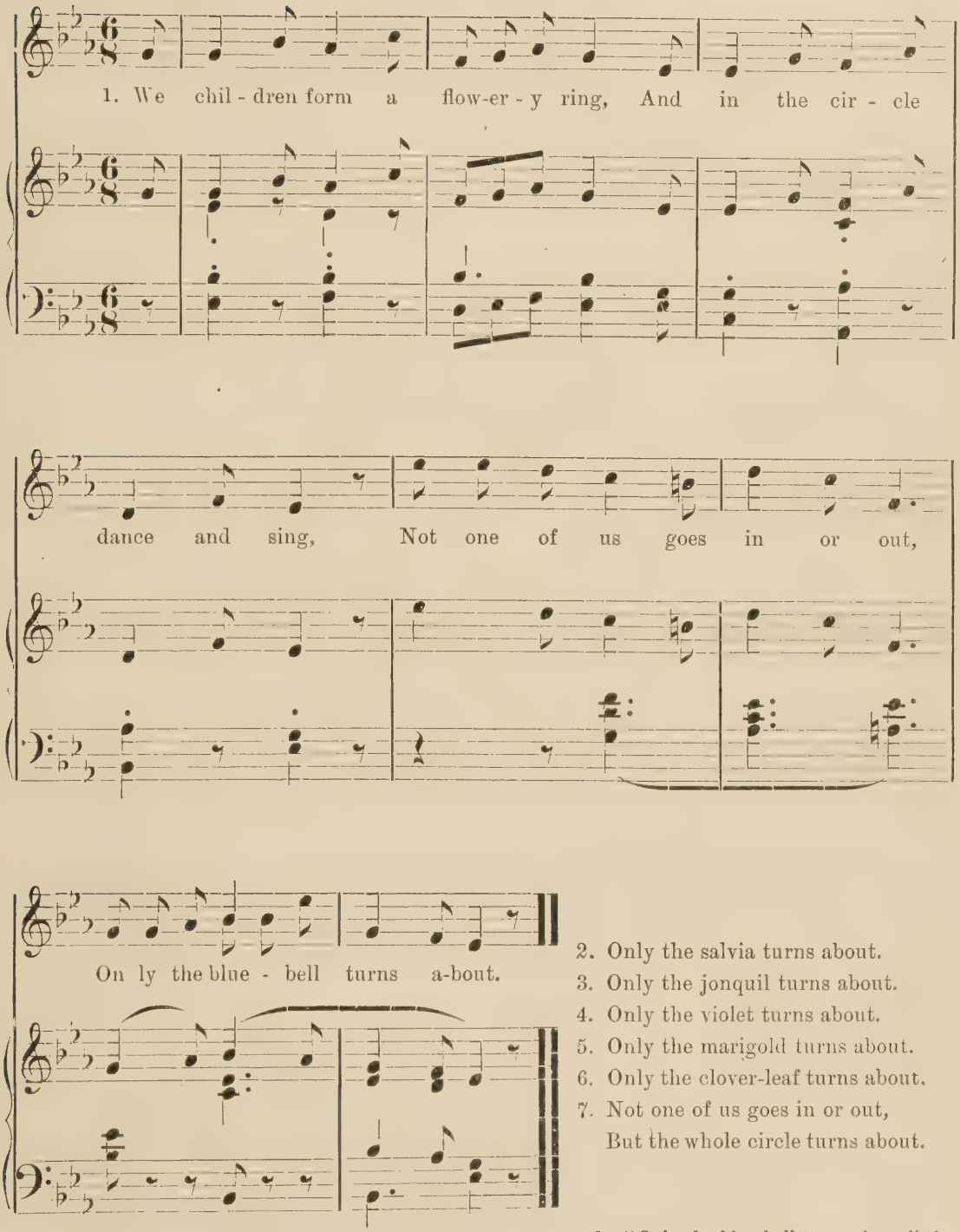
We're Playing Together.

Seeing. E. S.

We're play - ing to - geth - er so mer - ry and gay, Now one of us
goes from the ring,..... If right - ly you guess who the
miss - ing one is, We'll mer - ri - ly clap while we sing.

The Ring.

Arr. from J. W. Elliott.

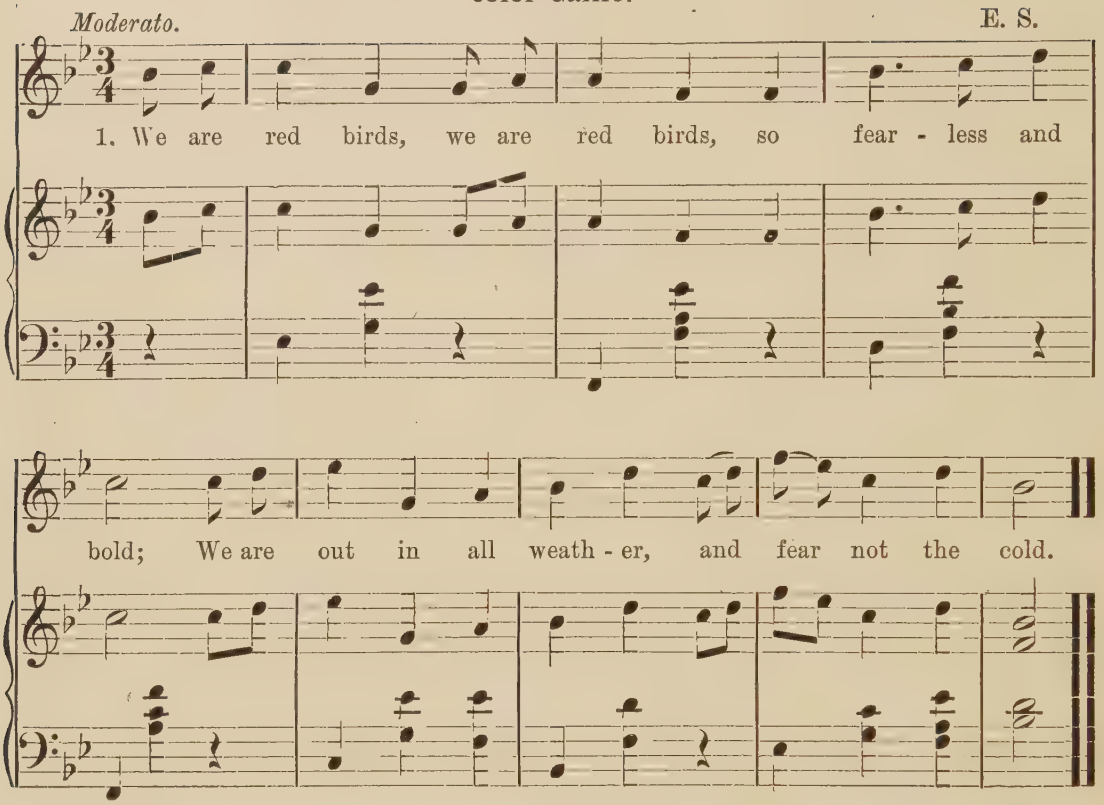


2. Only the salvia turns about.
3. Only the jonquil turns about.
4. Only the violet turns about.
5. Only the marigold turns about.
6. Only the clover-leaf turns about.
7. Not one of us goes in or out,
   But the whole circle turns about.

Six children, holding colored balls, form a ring. At the words, "Only the blue-bell turns about," the child holding the blue ball turns, facing the outside of the ring. The song is repeated until all six children have turned. At the seventh repetition all six turn back again as at first.

We Are Red Birds.

Color Game.



2 We are blue-birds, we are blue-birds,
So pretty and light;
We are busy, we are happy,
Be the sky dark or bright.

3 We're canaries, we're canaries,
We care not to roam;
We love our kind friends,
And stay always at home.

4 We are parrots, green parrots,
From over the sea,
Where the orange-trees blossom
Our homes used to be.

5 We are orioles, we are orioles,
Our nests hang on high,
Where the soft breezes sing us
A soft lullaby.

6 We are humming-birds tiny,
Deep purple our breasts,
'Mid the blossoms so fragrant
We build our small nests.

The Chipmunks.

Arr. from J. W. Elliott.

Marcato.

1. Five lit - tle, chip - munks live in a tree; Says the
2. Says the sec- ond lit - tle chip - munk, "A boy, I de - clare," Says the
first lit - tle chip - munk, "What do I see?
third lit - tle chip - munk, "Well, I de - clare!"

3 Says the fourth little chipmunk, "I'm not afraid."
Says the fifth little chipmunk, "Let's hide in the shade."

4 "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cry the boys,
And five little chipmunks run at the noise.

Finger Song.

JEANNETTE HUMPHREY. E. S.

Moderato.

1. Shut them! O - pen! Shut them! O - pen!
2. Shut them! O - pen! Shut them! O - pen!
Give a lit - tle clap. O - pen! Shut them!
Up to shoul - der fly, Let them like a
O - pen! Shut them! Lay them in your lap.
bird - ie flut - ter, Flut - ter to the sky.

Finger Song. Concluded.

Creep them, creep them, creep them, creep them,
Fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing
Up to the lit - tle chin, O - pen wide the
Near - ly to the ground, Quick - ly raise them,
lit - tle mouth - ie, Pop one fin - ger in.
all the fin - gers, Twirl them round and round.

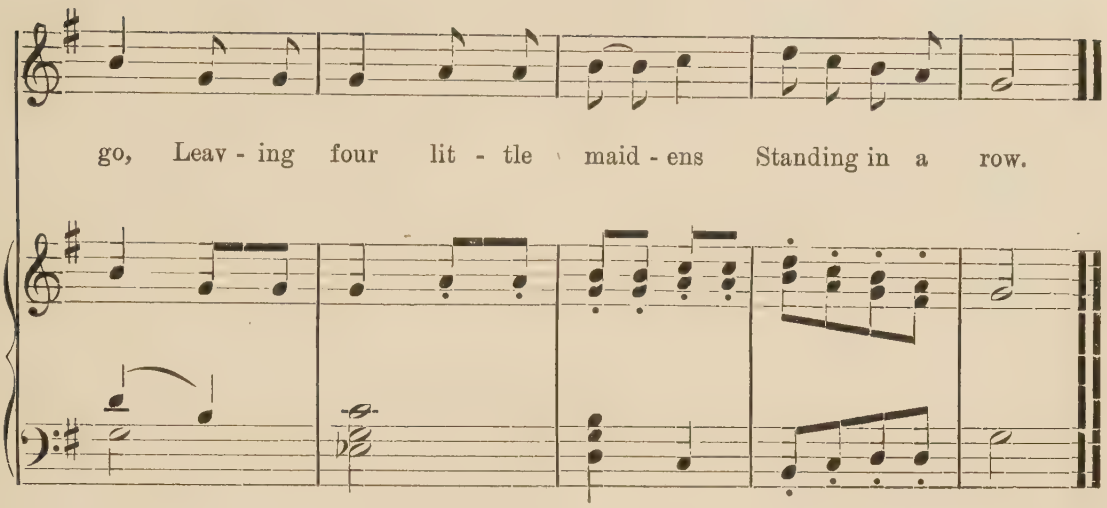
Five In a Row.

Adapted from REINECKE.

Allegretto.

1. Five lit - tle maid - ens all in a row,
Stand - ing there so straight and still, with hands be - hind them,
so! Now one a - way is skip - ping as fast as she can

Five In a Row. Concluded.



2 Four little bobolinks sitting in a tree,
Singing merry roundelays, happy as can be;
Now one away is flying, his little mate to see,
Leaving three little bobolinks sitting in a tree.

3 Three little roses in the garden bed,
Growing up so fresh and sweet, yellow, white and red;
But now the gardener's scissors have snipped off one wee head,
Leaving two little roses in the garden bed.

4 Two little honey-bees on a clover bloom,
For two little honey-bees there is hardly room;
Now one has filled his pockets and flies off home,
Leaving one little honey-bee on a clover bloom.

5 One little mousie dining at his ease,
A dainty, dainty meal is his, of white bread and cheese;
Now swiftly off he scampers, he heard the kitty sneeze,
Leaving no little mousie, and such a little cheese!

The Squirrel.

Lively.
1. A hole in a log is the squir - rels home, And a
mer - ry fel - low is he He works all day from
morn till night, As bus - y as bus - y can be.

2 And when through the woods the strong wind blows
He swings on the branch of a tree,
Then low, low down on the ground he runs
To find what his harvest may be.

3 He gathers the acorns and seeds and nuts,
All through the bright fall days,
And when in the winter the snow lies deep,
In his warm nest he quietly stays.

Hiding The Ball.

Allegretto.

J. W. Elliott.

Ball Song.

E. S.

The Worsted Ball.

J. W. Elliott.

Allegro.
1. I am a lit - - tle worst - ted ball, I
2. They twirl me by a lit - tle string, And
3. So I play with chil - dren small,
play with chil - dren great and small Up, up they toss me
let me make a pret - ty ring, They roll me round and
Al - ways read - y when they call Now I think I'll
ver - y high, I some - times think I'll touch the sky.
round and ronnd Now on the ta - ble, now on the ground.
go to sleep, So all as still as mice must keep.

Hard and Soft Balls.

ALICE E. FITTS. E. S.

Allegretto.

1. Lit - tle cous-ins, red and brown, From the country, come to town.
This is like the rose so sweet, And this is nut-brown, fine and neat.

2 This comes down like gentle rain;
This like hail on the window pane;
This goes soft like mousey gray,
And this runs swift, like puss at play.

3 This is rough, like lambkin's coat;
This is smooth, like baby's throat.
Side by side the cousins play,
Merrily the livelong day.

The Pail.

Lightly. E. S.

Up comes the lit - tle buck - et from out the deep dark well. It's
full and run-ning o - ver, Now what it brings, who'll tell? It
brings us spark - ling wa - ter So pure and cool and sweet, To
wash the chil-drens fac - es, and bathe their danc - ing feet.

Words from Songs and Games for Little Ones, by kind permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

Cubes and Ball.

Moderato.

O - ver the ditch my child comes hop - ping He can clear it
with - out stop - ping; But my child the dis - tance keeps,
Well in mind be - fore he leaps.

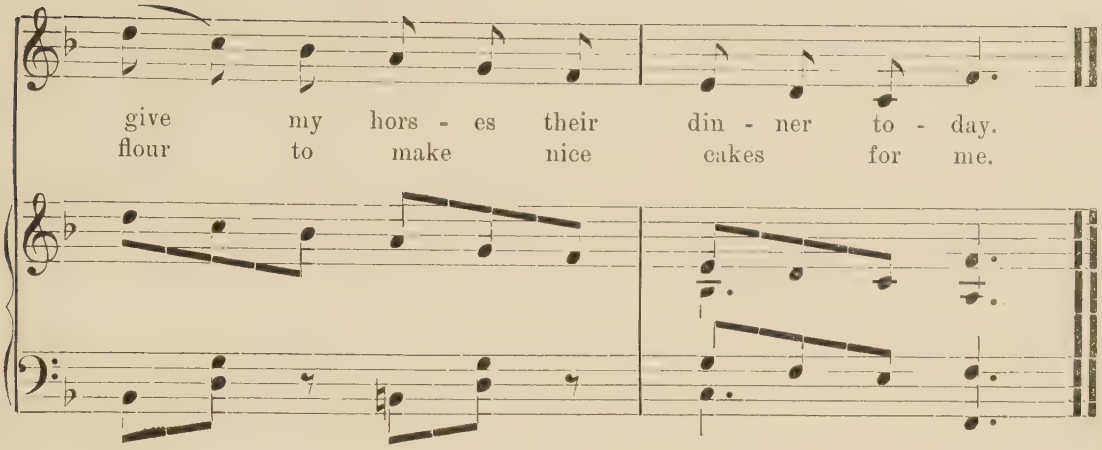
The Cart-Wheel.

Adapted from ELLIOTT.

Moderato.
1. Roll--ing and roll - ing, o - ver it goes,
2. The cart has cans of milk so white, To
Car-ry-ing the cart wher - ev - er it goes; The
give my chil-dren their sup - per to - night, The
cart is filled with a load of hay, To
gro - cer's cart brings su - gar and tea, And

Words from Songs and Games for Little Ones, by kind permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

The Cart-Wheel. Concluded.



Soft and Hard Balls.

E. S.

1. Here's a lit - tle kit - ty, go - ing round and round,
2. Here's a lit - tle po - ny, go - ing round and round,
She has cush- ions on her feet, and nev - er makes a sound.
He has hoofs up - on his feet, and stamps up - on the ground.

Stars and Daisies.

Dolce. E. S.

1. The stars are ti - ny dai - sies high,
2. The star buds blos - som in the night, And
Sostenuto.
Opening and shut - ting in the sky, While dai - sies are the
love the moons calm, ten - der light, But dai - sies bloom out
stars be - low, Twink - ling and spark - ling as they grow.
in the day Watch - ing the bright sun on his way.
mp

The Silver Moon.

Andante.

FOLK SONG

2 Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air.

3 Sometimes I will watch you,
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping,
Snugly in my bed.

The Child and the Star.

J. W. Elliott.

Andante con moto e tranquillo.

2 Little child, at you I peep,
When you lie so fast asleep,
But when morn begins to break,
I my homeward journey take.

3 For I've many friends on high,
Living with me in the sky:
And a loving Father, too,
Who commands what I'm to do.

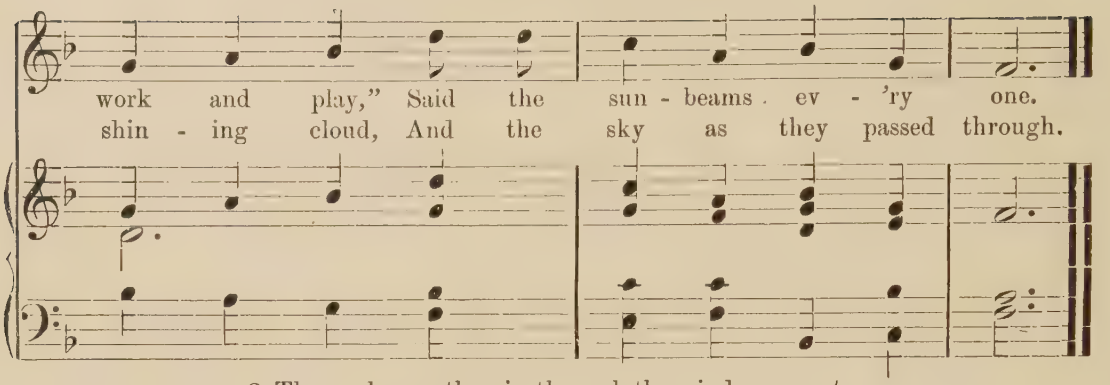
The Sunbeams.

E. S.

Allegretto.

1. "Now what shall I send to the earth to - day?" Said the
2. So down to the earth in a shin - ing crowd, Went the
great round gold - en sun, "Oh let us go down there to
mer - ry bus - y crew, They paint - ed with splen - dor each
work and play, Oh let us go down there to
shin - ing cloud, They paint - ed with splen - dor each

The Sunbeams. Concluded.



3 The sunbeams then in through the windows crept
To the children in their beds,
They poked at the eye lids of those who slept,
And gilded their littte heads.

4 "Wake up little children," they cried in glee,
"And from dream-land come away,
We've brought a present, awake, and see!
We have brought you a sunny day."

Sewing Song.

Moderato.
1. Swift - ly thro' the card so white, Goes my nee - dle keen and bright,
2. But my fin - gers neat must be, Dain - ty card board soils, you see,
3. Oh I know mam-ma's dear eyes, Wide will o - pen with sur - prise
And I'm learn - ing how to sew, Pret - tiest work a child can do.
All my stitch - es must be true, And the thread pulled gent - ly through
When she sees this pret - ty thing, I to - day from school shall bring.

The Rain Shower.

FRANCIS F. BROWN. Arr. from J. W. ELLIOTT.

1. Plump lit - tle ba - by-clouds Dimpled and soft, Rock in their air cra-dles
2. Tired lit - tle ba - by-clouds Dreaming of fears, Turn in their air cra-dles
p
Swinging a - loft; Snow - y cloud-moth-ers With broad bo - soms white,
Drop-ping soft tears; Great snow- y moth- er clouds Brooding o'er all,
cresc.
Watch o'er the ba - by - clouds Slum - ber - ing light.
Let their warm moth - er - tears Ten - der - ly fall.
f
p

The Rain Coach.

E. S.

Allegretto.

1. Some lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Whose
2. But ah! they were so man - y, At
home was in the sea, To go up - on a
last the car - riage broke, And to the ground came
jour - ney Once hap - pened to a - gree, A
tumb - ling, These fright - ened lit - tle folk, And

The Rain Coach. Concluded.

cloud they had for a car - riage, Their
through the moss and grass - es,
horse a play - ful breeze, And o - ver land and
They were compelled to roam, Un - til a brook - let
coun - try, They rode a - while at ease.
found them, And car - ried them all home.

Spring Rain.

Arr. THEODORE LACH.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. Clouds are pass - ing o'er the sky,
2. Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping light,
3. One short mo - ment and no more,
Bring - ing drops of gen - tle rain: Now the flow - ers
Falls the rain so kind - ly given, He who sends us
Then the clouds have float - ed by, And the bright beams
will not die, But will be re - vived a - gain.
light and warmth, Sends this bless - ing too from heav'n.
of the sun Lift the rain drops to the sky.

Little White Lily.

GEORGE MCDONALD. E. S.

Andante.

1. Lit - tle white lil - y sits by a stone, Droop-ing and wait - ing
2. Lit - tle white lil - y droop - eth with pain, Wait - ing and wait - ing
3. Lit - tle white lil - y smells ver - y sweet, On her head sun - shine,

Faster. cres.

till the sun shone, Lit - tle white lil - y sun - shine has fed,
for the wet rain, Lit - tle white lil - y hold - eth her cup,
rain at her feet, Thanks to the sun - shine, thanks to the rain,

Lit - tle white lil - y lifts up her head.
Rain is fast fall - ing and fill - ing it up.
Lil - tle white lil - y is hap - py a - gain.

Dandelion Fashions.

E. S.

Lightly.

1. Here and there, ev - 'ry where,
2. Green ruffs deck each slen - der neck,
Where the sun is, Where the shade is,
Ev - 'ry head has perched up - on it,
Fresh and sweet on tilt - ing feet, Stand the dand - de -
Sau - cy, jaun - ty, made to flaunt, A lit - tle yel - low

Dandelion Fashions. Concluded.

li - on la - dies, Gaud - y, gay, in spring a - ray,
sat - in bon - net, What a place for a pret - ty face,
f
Scores of dan - de - li - on la - dies.
In a yel - low sat - in bon - net.

3 This the style for a little while,
Then despite the time or weather
All unite on a bonnet white,
White and snowy as a feather,
Puffy fleecy, moonshine breezy,
Thistle-fashioned crest of feather.

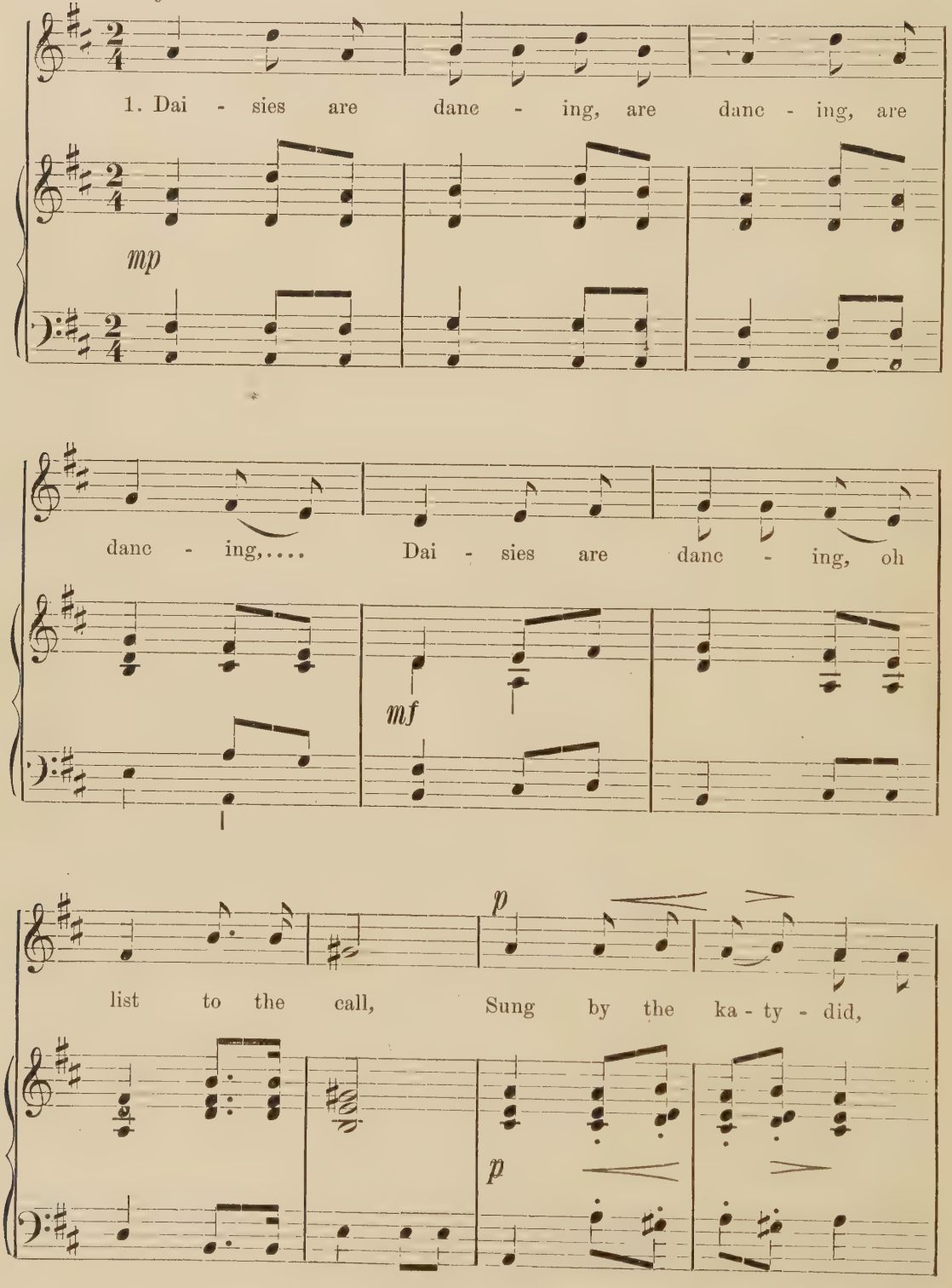
4 Here and there, ev'ry where,
Where the sun is, where the shade is,
Satin crown gives place to down,
Fickle dandelion ladies.
Blows the wind, and who can find
One of the dandelion ladies.

Daisies are Dancing.

ELIZABETH W. EMERSON

E. S.

Allegretto.



2 Daisies are dancing, are dancing, are dancing,
Daisies are dancing, all in a row,
Clad in their caps of white tied round bright faces,
Nodding and laughing, they dance to and fro.

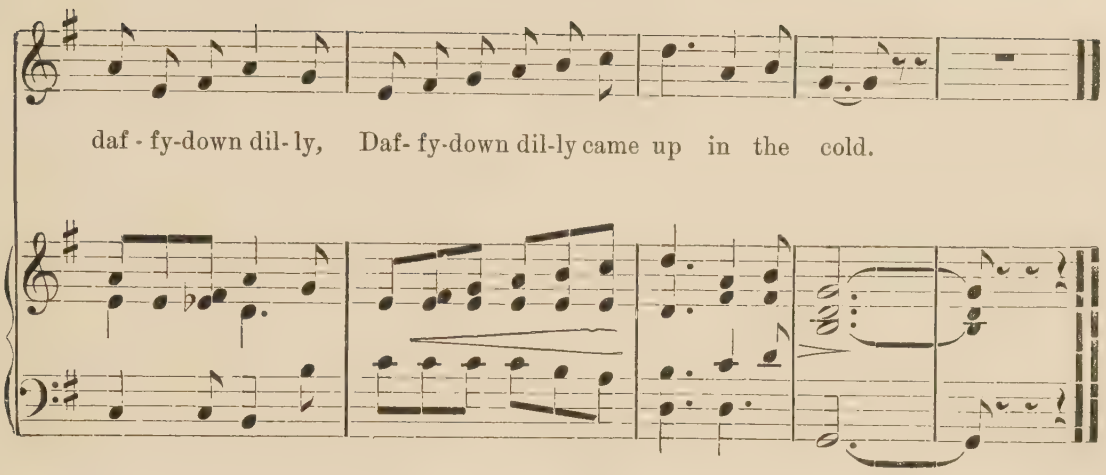
3 Why do the daisies dance, the daisies, the daisies?
Why do the daisies dance? say, can you tell?
South wind steals after with music and laughter,
He knows why daisies dance, he knows full well!

Daffy-down-dilly.

Lightly. E. S.

1. Sweet daf - fy- down-dil - ly came up in the cold, Straight up thro' the
2. Sweet daf - fy- down-dil - ly has heard un - der ground The swift rush- ing
mold, Al - though the March breez - es blew keen in her face, Al -
sound, Of streams as they burst from their white win - ter chains, Of
though the white snow lay in ma - ny a place. Daf - fy- down- dil - ly,
whist - ling spring winds and the pat - ter - ing rains. Daf - fy- down- dil - ly,

Daffy-down-dilly. Concluded.



3 Thought Daffy-down-dilly deep down in her heart,
"'Tis time I should start."
So she pushed her soft leaves thro' the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface and then she looked round.

4 White snow all around her, gray clouds overhead,
The trees all looked dead,
The sun did not shine and the ice did not melt,
How do you think that poor Daffy then felt?

5 Cold weather, thought Daffy, still working away,
"The earth's hard to-day,
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green."

6 "I cannot do much but I'll do what I can—
'Tis well I began
For if I can't manage to hold up my head
The people will think that Spring herself's dead!"

7 So little by little she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about,
And then her bright flowers began to unfold
'Til Daffy stood clothed in her spring green and gold!

The Brook.

FOLK SONG.

1. Pray tell me where you come from, You
2. You dance through all the sun - shine, And
3. Dear brook - let of the moun - tain, Go
pret - ty lit - tle brook, And tell us where you're
when the world's a - sleep; Come tell us all a -
rip - ple on your way, And from your spark - ling
go - ing, With such a mer - ry look.
bout it, The se - cret we will keep.
foun - tain Flow far - ther ev - 'ry day.

The Street Car.

L. A. C.

Allegretto.

Arr. from J. W. Elliott.

1. Hur - ry to the cor - ner Dick, There's the street - car
2. Now he rings the bell: At last we are on. The
Whis - tle quick! Driv - er, driv - er, can't you see?
car goes fast, And our fares we quick - ly pay;
O con - duc - tor, wait, please wait..... for me!
Glad to take a street - car ride..... to - day.

*O Sing With Cheery Voices.

L. M. Alcott. E. S

1. O sing with cheer - y voic - es, Like
2. O dance in air - y cir - cles, Like
rob - ins in the tree; For lit - tle lads and
fai - ries on the lea; For lit - tle lads and
las - sies As light of heart should be.
las - sies As light of foot should be.

3 O blossom in the sunshine,
Beneath the village tree,
For little lads and lassies
Are the fairest flowers we see.

* By kind permission of "The Outlook."

The Rocking-Horse.

Arr. from J. W. Elliot.

1. Rock - a - way, rock - a - way, here..... we go,
2. Now we're in Chi - na, now we're in Spain,
3. Look at us, look at us, ba - by and me!
All on a journey, hur - -rah! ho, ho! O - ver the mountains and
Now we're in Tex - as, now we're in Maine, Now we're in Lon - don,
No great - er trav- el- lers can you now see, Can't stop for ques - tions,
o - ver the sea, Rock - a - way, rock - a - way, off go we!
now we're in Rome, Here we are, back a - gain, safe - ly at home.
nev - er, no! no! Rock - a - way, rock - a - way, off we go!

The Church.

After FROEBEL. E. S.

Andante con espressione.

1. Through paint - ed win - dows stream - ing, The sweet glad sunbeams
2. But hark! the or - gan's peal - ing, Rolls through each loft - y
p
pour,..... And beck - on us to en - ter the
aisle,..... And ring - ers in the bel - fry,
church - es o - pen door, But all of us who
Pull at the ropes the while, Lu lo lu
cres.

1st.
en - ter there,..... must lis - ten well to song and
lo lu lo..... the or - gan
2d.
prayer.....
rolls; Bim bam! Bim bam! Bim bam!.....
..... the sweet bell tolls.

The Little Gardener.

After FROEBEL,
By BERTHA PAYNE.

E. S.

1. Straight and tall in the gar - den beds, The
2. Nod and beck - on, for down the path, He
flowers stood yes - ter - day, But now they are droop - ing their
comes with a mer - ry call, "Poor dears, here's a drink and a
dain - ty heads, And each one seems to say: "Oh
show - er - bath, Fresh wa - ter for each and all." "We'll

wind, bring a shower of sum - mer rain, Come
drink and bathe and grow strong a - gain, We'll
night, and bring cool dew; O dear lit - tle child, come
raise our cups to the sun, And thank the child for his
Rit.
back a - gain! We are thirst - y and wait for you."
ten - der care, With blos - soms from ev' - ry one."
Rit.

Birdling's Good-night to the Flowers.

Andante sostenuto. E. S.

1. Shad - ows creep a - long the sky, Bird - ies now must
2. "Good-night dar - ling mign - on - nette, Good - night, lit - tle
3. Good-night, lil - y; good - night, rose; Good - night, ev' - ry
home - ward fly; Hear the songs they sing.... to greet
vi - o - let; Good - night, pinks and four.... o' clock,
flow'r that blows; Thank you for your love - ly bloom,
All their friends..... the flow - ers sweet.
Good - night, home - - ly hol - ly - hock!
Thank you ..... for your sweet per - fume.

4 Good-night, feathery fever-few;
Heliotrope, good-night to you;
Angels dear their watch will keep,
While birds and flowers and babies sleep "

Rock-a-by, Baby.

NURSERY RHYME. E. S.

Rock - a-by, ba - by, up - on the tree - top. When the wind blows, the
cra - dle will rock, When the bough breaks, the cra - dle will fall,
Down tumbles ba - by and cra - dle, and all.....

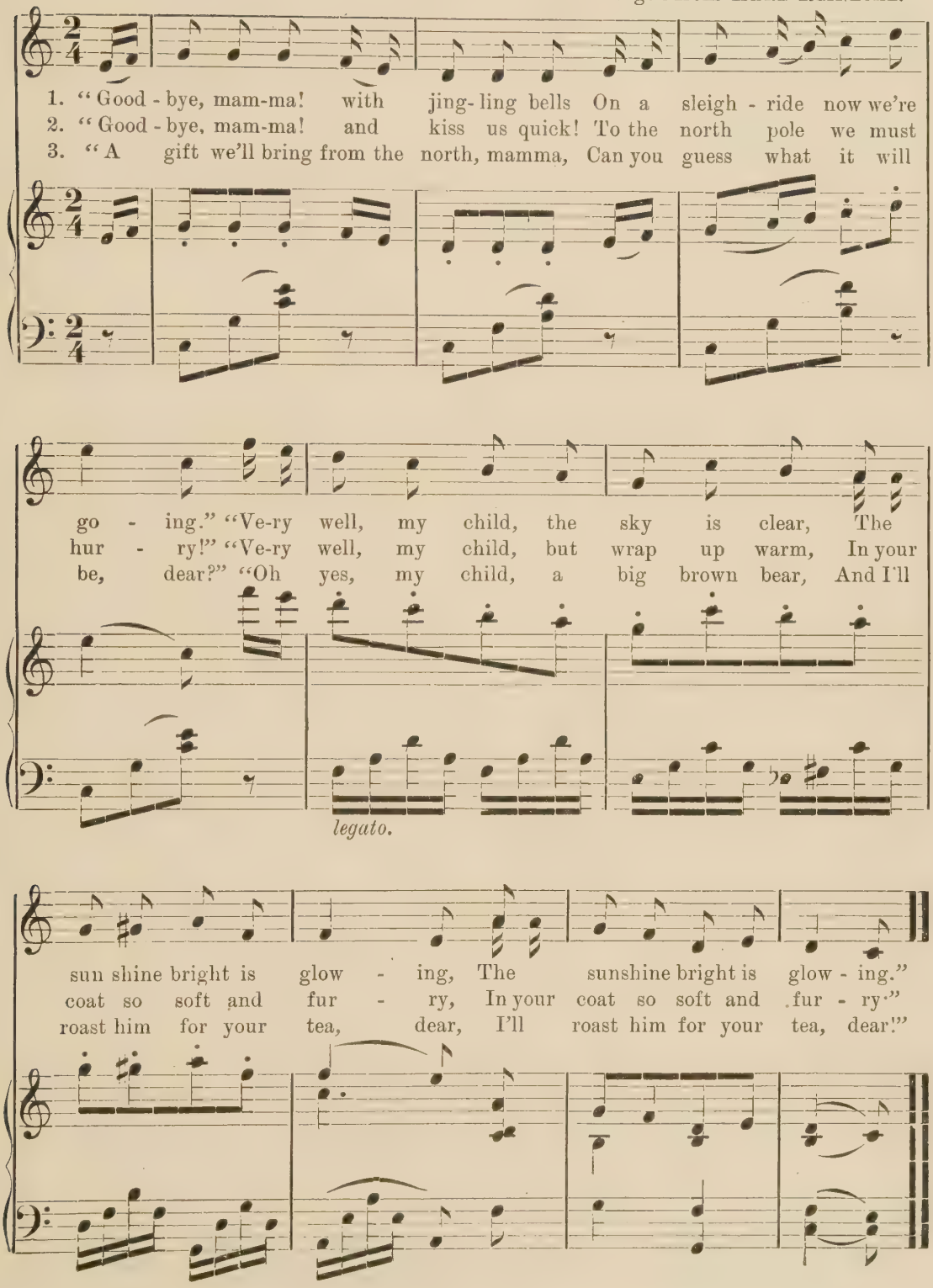
Bye, Baby, Night has Come.

E. S.

p Andante.
1. Bye, ba - by, night has come, And the snn is
2. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep - ing, One by one the
3. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee, Lov - ing, ten - der
p
go - ing home, All the flowers have shut their eyes, On the grass the
stars are peep-ing In the far - off sky they twin kle, While the cow-bells
arms en - fold thee, An - gels in their dreams ca - ress thee, Thro' the darkness
p cres.
shad - ow lies.
tin - kle, tin- kle.
guard and bless thee.
Bye, oh ba - by, bye oh, Bye, oh ba-by, bye oh.
dim.

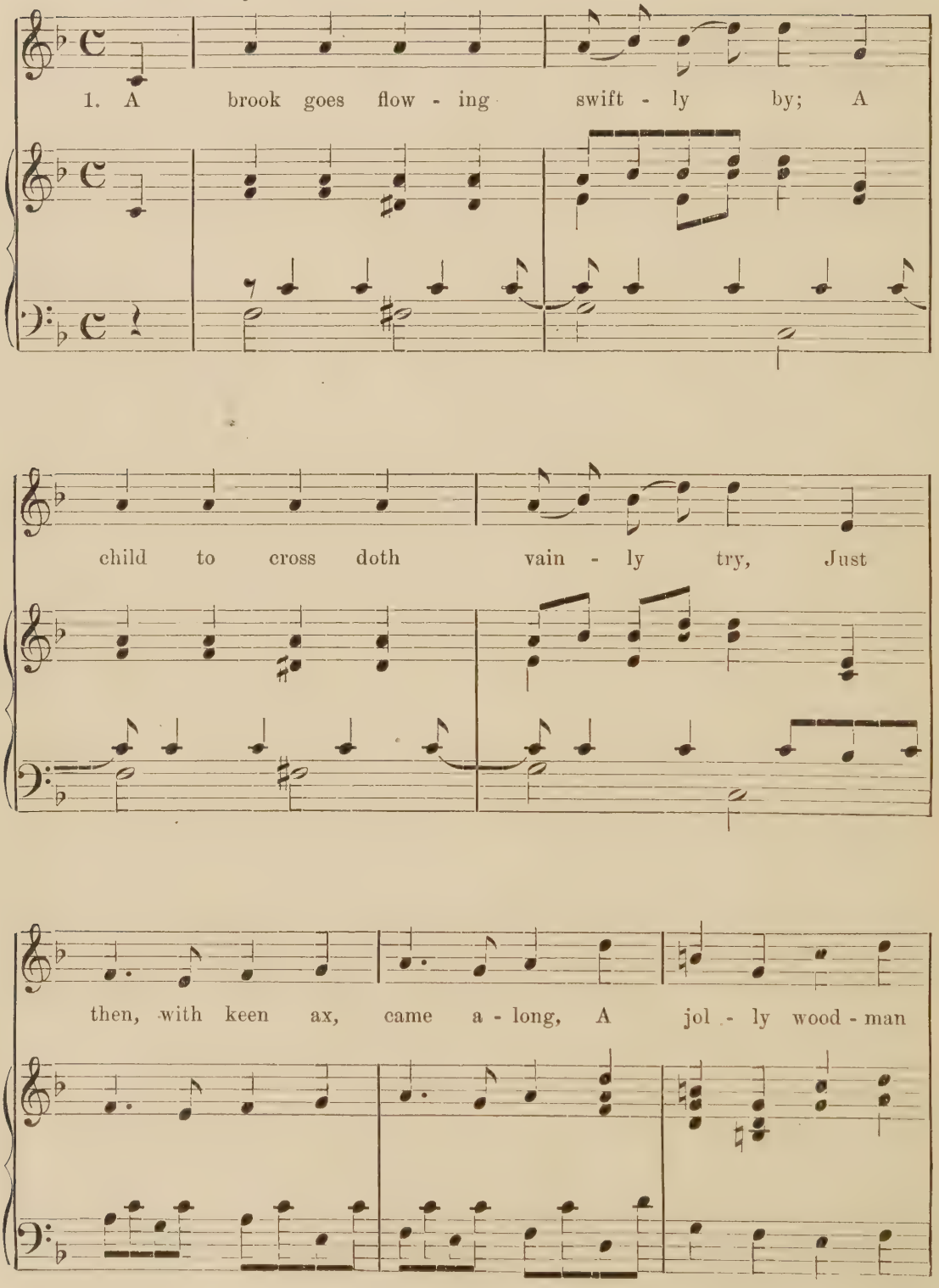
Sleighing Song.

Arranged from KARL REINECKE.

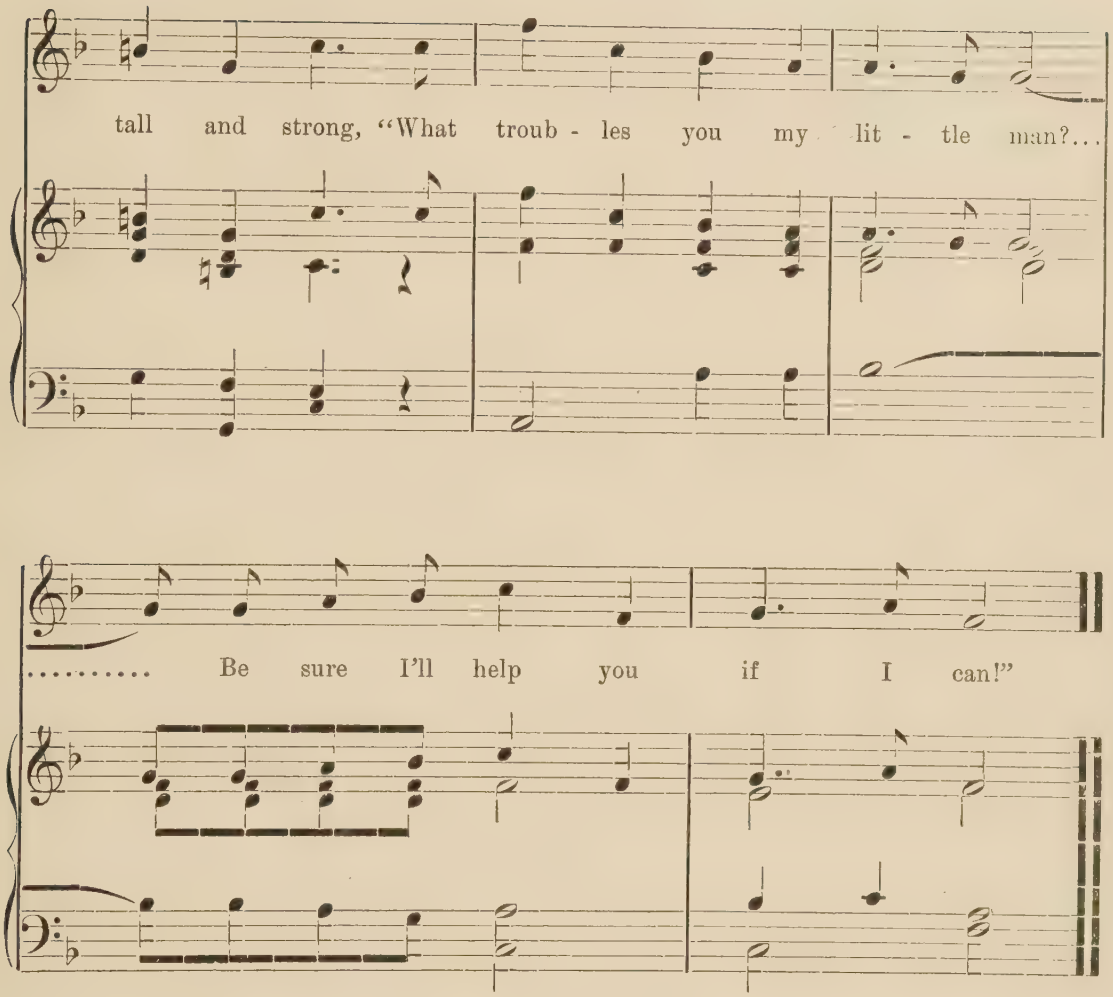

1. "Good - bye, mam-ma! with jing- ling bells On a sleigh - ride now we're
2. "Good - bye, mam-ma! and kiss us quick! To the north pole we must
3. "A gift we'll bring from the north, mamma, Can you guess what it will
go - ing." "Ve-ry well, my child, the sky is clear, The
hur - ry!" "Ve-ry well, my child, but wrap up warm, In your
be, dear?" "Oh yes, my child, a big brown bear, And I'll
legato.
sun shine bright is glow - ing, The sunshine bright is glow - ing."
coat so soft and fur - ry, In your coat so soft and fur - ry"
roast him for your tea, dear, I'll roast him for your tea, dear!"

The Bridge.

From FROEBEL. by L. J. M. E. S.



The Bridge. Concluded.



2 "The purple flowers over there
More lovely seem than any here:
The fish can swim and birds and bees
Fly to and fro, whene'er they please,
But I their pleasures can't enjoy,
I'm just a little, little boy."

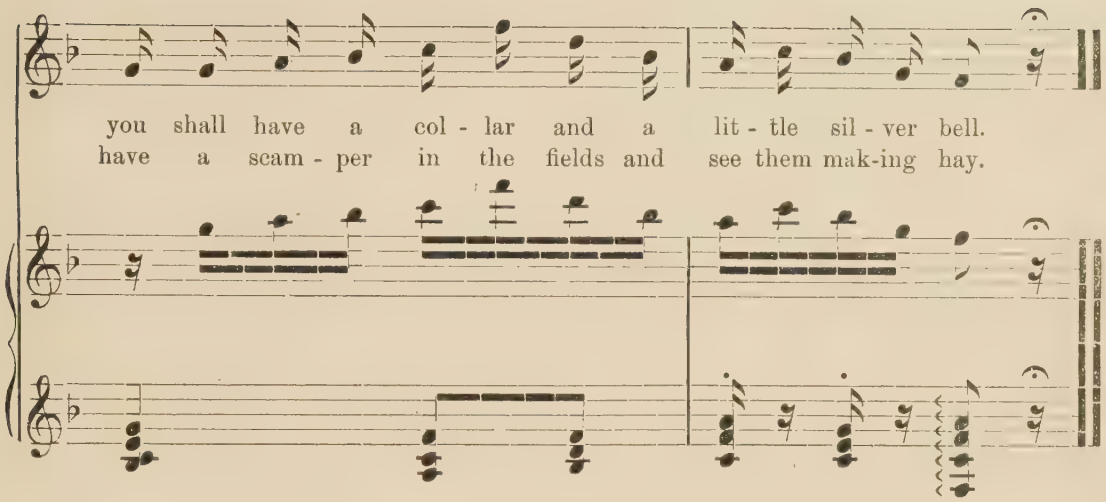
3 The woodman laughed; with sturdy stroke,
He felled a pine across the brook,
And now the boy, upon the tree,
Ran to and fro right merrily,
And thanked the kindly woodman strong
With happy look and cheerful song.

I Had a Little Doggy.

Andante non troppo. J. W. Elliott.

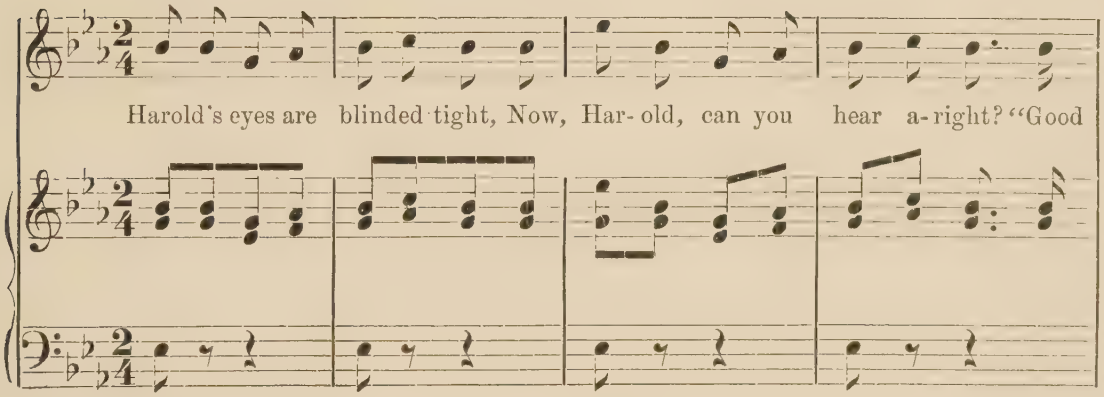
1. I had a lit - tle dog - gy that used to sit and beg, But
2. Ah! dog - gy don't you think you should ver - y faith - ful be, For
dog - gy tum-bled down the stairs and broke his lit - tle leg, Oh!
hav - ing such a lov - ing friend to com - fort you as me? And
dog - gy I will nurse you, and try to make you well, And
when your leg is bet - ter, and you can run and play, We'll
cres.
p

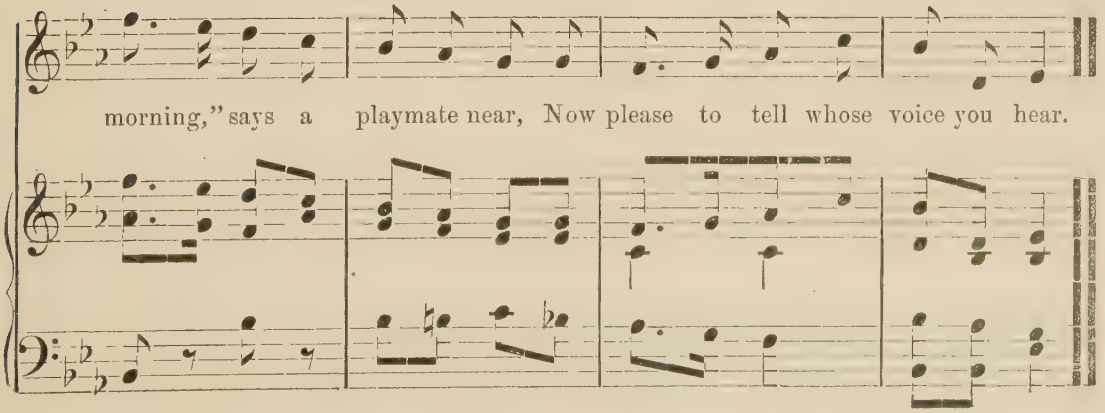
I Had a Little Doggie. Concluded.



Hearing.

Moderato.





In the Barn-yard.

A. H. P. E. S.

Cheerfully.

1. Near the barn - yard's o - pen gate, See
3. look! there's gray old Goos - ey gan - der, And
Mis - tress Bos - sy stand and wait To give us milk so
all the ducks a wad - dling yon - der, "Pig - gy Wig" and
FINE.
fresh and good For lit - tle chil - dren's dai - ly food
"Pig - gy Wee," They're just as fat as pigs can be.
poco rit.

In the Barn-yard. Concluded.

2. A po - ny, too, in there, ho! ho! Is
a tempo.
gal - lop - ping fast as he can go; And there's our big white
Moth - er Hen with all her lit - tle chil - dren ten And
D.C.

4 The little doves are cooing soft,
Away up in the great hay-loft;
And this is our old doggy Tray—
He's always watching, night and day.

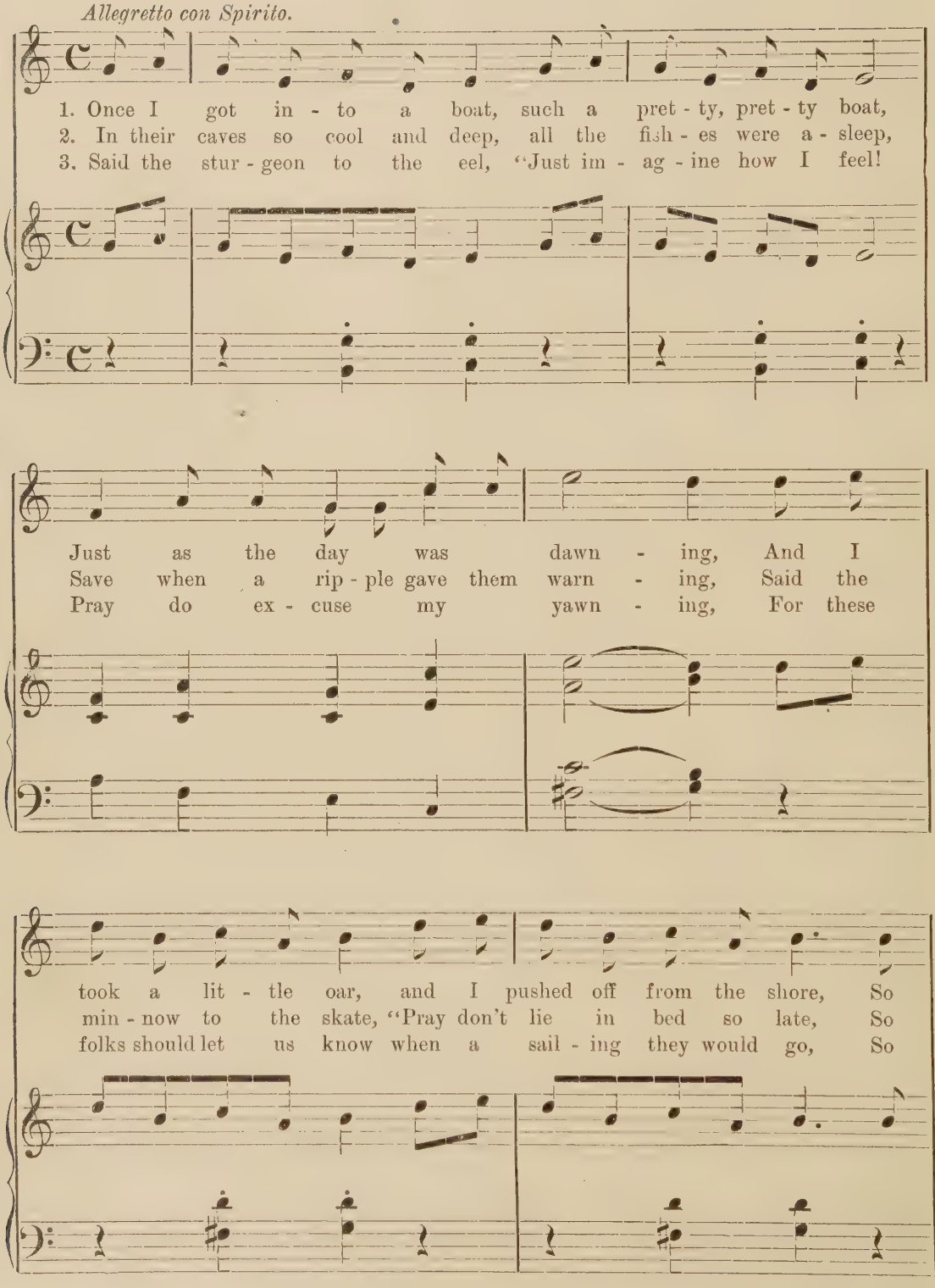
5 Now Grandpapa has shut the gate,
It must be getting very late,
And when we've had our milk and bread,
Then every thing will go to bed.

6 We'll go to bed and shut our eyes
Until to-morrow's sun shall rise,
But then you'll hear our rooster proud
Crow cock-a-doodle doo so loud.

The Boat Ride.

ANON. E. S.

Allegretto con Spirito.


1. Once I got in - to a boat, such a pret - ty, pret - ty boat,
2. In their caves so cool and deep, all the fish - es were a - sleep,
3. Said the stur - geon to the eel, "Just im - ag - ine how I feel!
Just as the day was dawn - ing, And I
Save when a rip - ple gave them warn - ing, Said the
Pray do ex - cuse my yawn - ing, For these
took a lit - tle oar, and I pushed off from the shore, So
min - now to the skate, "Pray don't lie in bed so late, So
folks should let us know when a sail - ing they would go, So

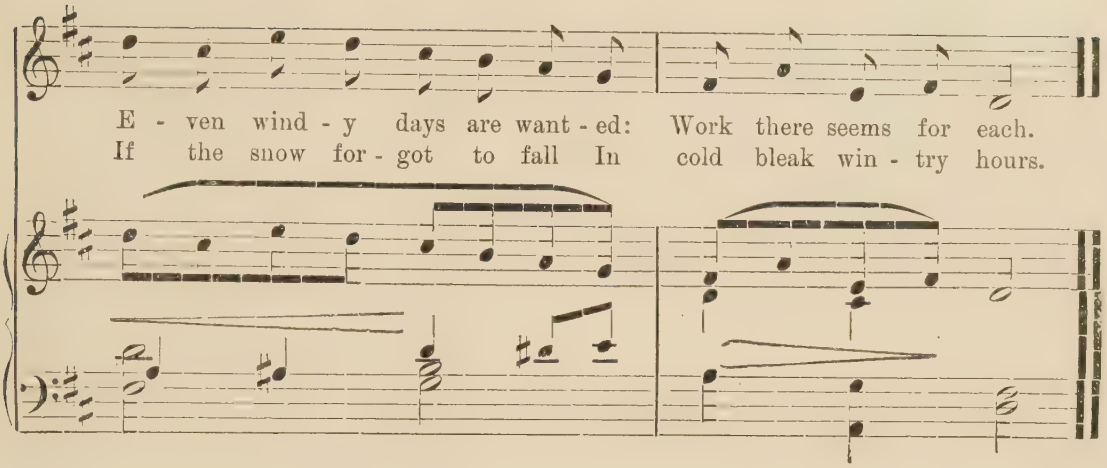
ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morn - ing;" And
ev' - ry lit - tle wave - let had its white cap on, Its night-cap, white cap
night - cap on, And ev' - ry lit - tle wave - let had its
Poco rit.
white cap on, So ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morn - ing.
a tempo.

The Snowflakes.

Allegretto.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle snow - flakes, Fall - ing on my hair,
2. We are bus - y snow - flakes, Light - ly down we go,
What an i - dle life you lead, In this world so fair,
Veil - ing dear old Moth - er Earth, When the cold winds blow;
Rain - drops nurse the flow - ers, Sun - shine tints the peach,
Where would be your ros - es, Corn, and fruit, and flowers

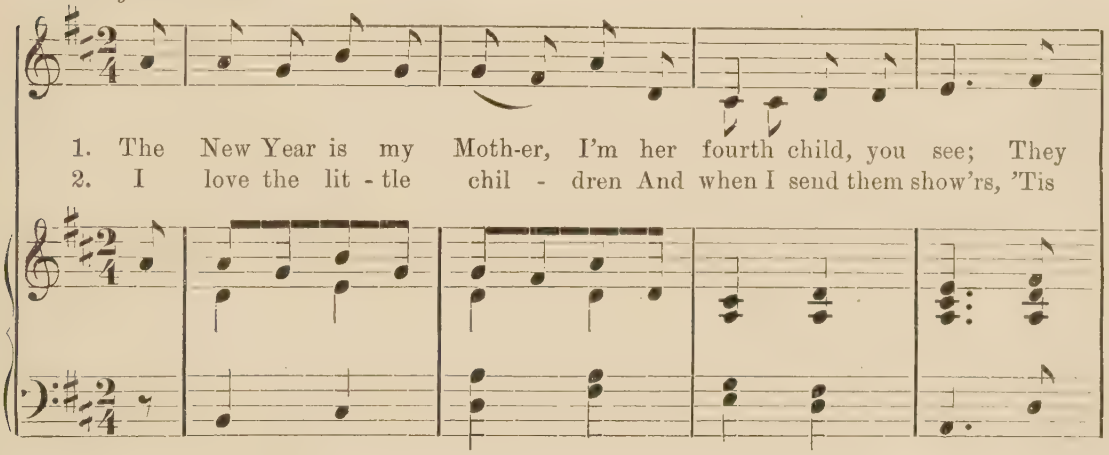
The Snowflakes. Concluded.



April.

E. G. S.

Allegretto sostenuto.



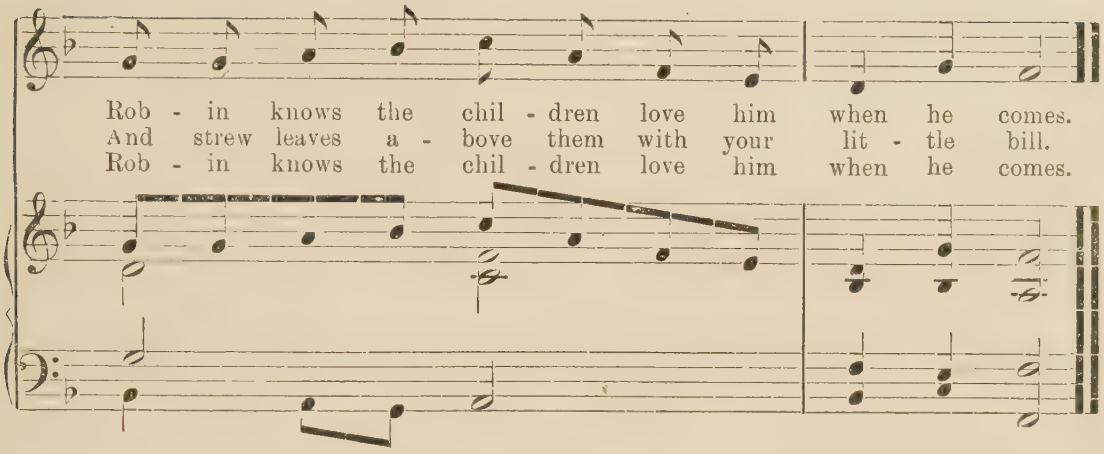
Welcome Little Robin.

E. S.

Moderato.

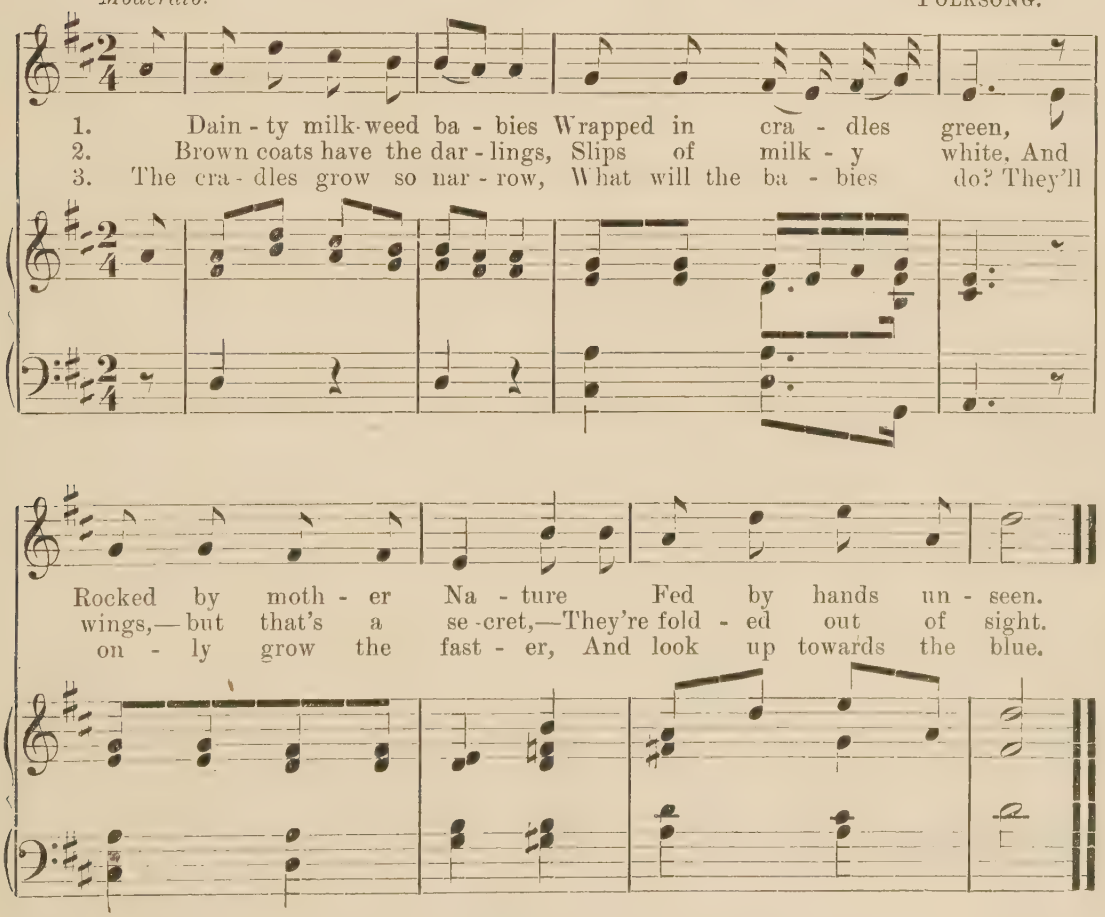
1. Wel - come lit - tle rob - in with your scar - let breast,
2. Is the sto - ry true rob - in, you were once so good,
3. Wheth-er true or not, rob - in, we are glad to see,
mf
In this win - ter weath - er cold must be your nest,
To the lit - tle chil - dren sleep - ing in the wood,
How you trust us chil - dren walk - ing in so free,
Hop - ping o'er the car - pet, pick - ing up the crumbs,
Did yon see them ly - ing pale and cold and still,
Hop - ping o'er the car - pet, pick - ing up the crumbs,

Welcome Little Robin. Concluded.


Rob - in knows the chil - dren love him when he comes.
And strew leaves a - bove them with your lit - tle bill.
Rob - in knows the chil - dren love him when he comes.

The Milkweed Babies.

Moderato. FOLKSONG.


1. Dain - ty milk-weed ba - bies Wrapped in cra - dles green,
2. Brown coats have the dar - lings, Slips of milk - y white, And
3. The cra - dles grow so nar - row, What will the ba - bies do? They'll
Rocked by moth - er Na - ture Fed by hands un - seen.
wings,— but that's a se-cret,—They're fold - ed out of sight.
on - ly grow the fast - er, And look up towards the blue.

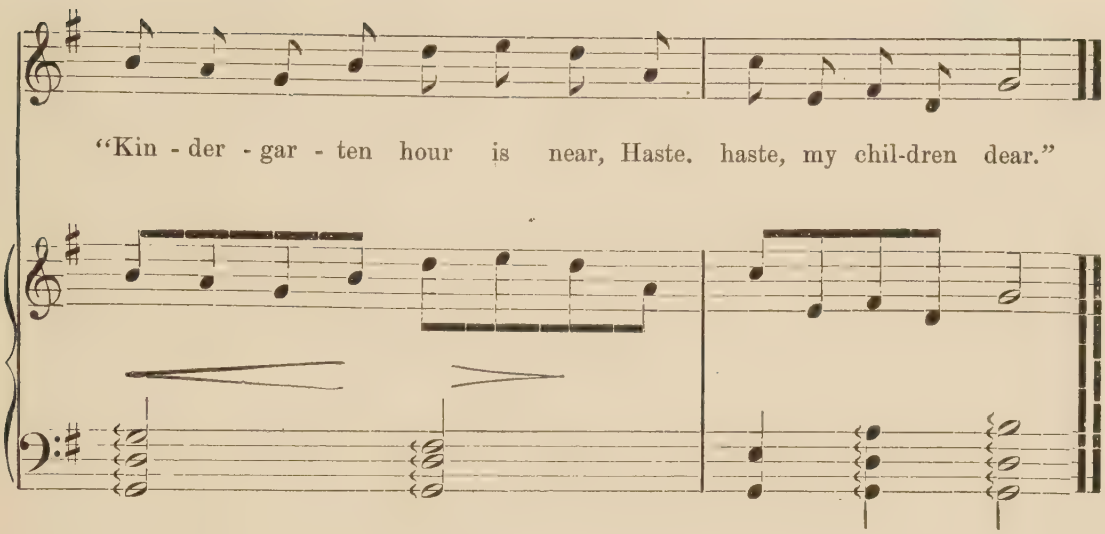
4 And now they've found the secret,
They're flying through the air,
They've left the cradles empty,—
Do milkweed babies care?

The Song of the Clock.

NELLIE C. ALEXANDER. E. S.

Andante ben marcato.

1. Tick! tock! tick! tock! Bus - y, friend - ly, help - ful clock; From
mf
morn till noon, from noon till night, You mark each ti - ny second's flight.
Bim baum, bim baum, O hap - py clock, what saith your song?
mf



2

Tick tack, tick tock,
How we love you, faithful clock!
You tell us when to build and weave,
Our games to play, when each to leave.
Right, left, to fro,
Your pendulum doth ever go
Ticking, ticking. In your song,
You help us all day long.

3

Bim, bim, bim, bim,
Little eyes grow tired and dim;
Little lips have said good night,
And little hands are folded tight.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Friendly clock will night time keep,
Till moon-time, star-time pass away,
And dawns again the day.

Froebel's Birthday Song.

1. Once up - on our earth there came A lov - ing soul to
2. He loved the stars, he loved the sky, The wind and wa - ters
dwell; Dear Fried - rich Froe - bel was his name, And
wild; The brook - let's song, and bird's sweet cry, But
chil - dren love him well. He worked for us, He
most he loved the child. He worked for us, He

3 To help the little ones so dear,
His best of life he gave,
To make them kind and good and pure,
Upright and free and brave.

4 The seed he planted long ago
Came from the land above,
Now in a thousand gardens grow
The blossoms of his love.

Flag Song.

LYDIA A. COONLEY. E. S.

With spirit.

1. Some flags are red or white or green, And some are yel - low too, But the dear, dear flag that we love best Is red, and white, and blue. Then hail the flag, the bon - ny flag, of red, and white, and blue!
2. We love our na - tive coun - try's flag, To it our hearts are true, A - bove us wave in splen - did folds, The red, and white, and blue. Then hail the flag, the bon - ny flag, of red, and white, and blue!

Birthday Song.

Trans. by A. H. P.

KARL REINECKE.

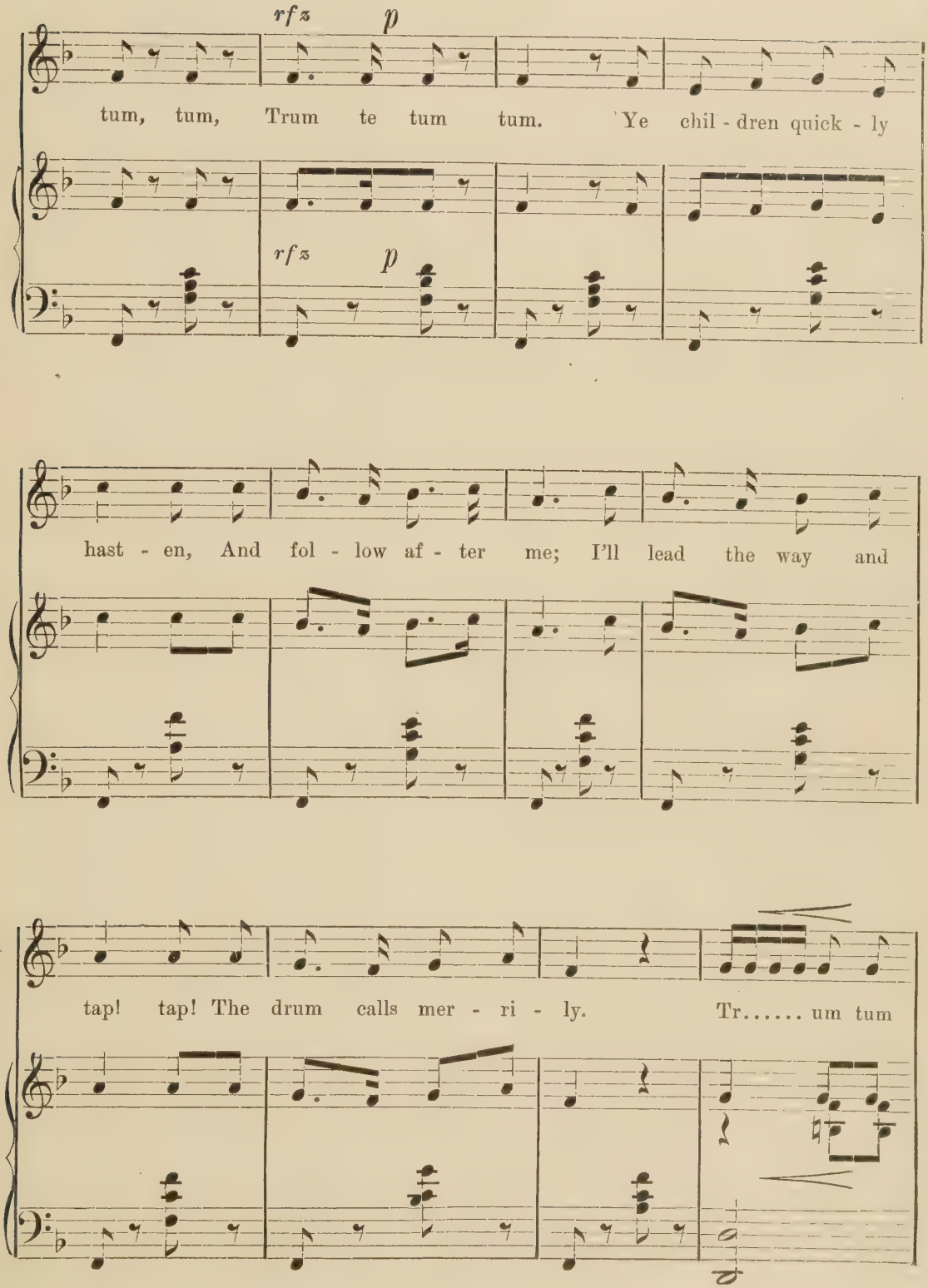
Greet - ings we
Our lit - tle
Allegretto.
dolce.
of - fer thee, play - mate so dear,
gifts we bring glad - ly to thee,
God send thee hap - pi - ness through all the year.
Thy birth - day song we sing with hearts full of glee.

The Drummer.

Trans. by K. S. K.

WILHELM TAUBERT.
Abridged.

rfz p frz p
Trum te tum tum, tum, Trum te tum, tum! I am the bold-est
rfz p rfz p
drum-mer in all the coun-try-side; My long-roll wakes the
rfz p
ech-oes, And flings them far and wide, Trum te tum,
rfz p


rfz p
tum, tum, Trum te tum tum. Ye chil - dren quick - ly
rfz p
hast - en, And fol - low af - ter me; I'll lead the way and
tap! tap! The drum calls mer - ri - ly. Tr..... um tum

The Drummer. Concluded.

Soldier Song.

W. TAUBERT.

Tempo di Marcia. Translated and Arr. by E. S.*

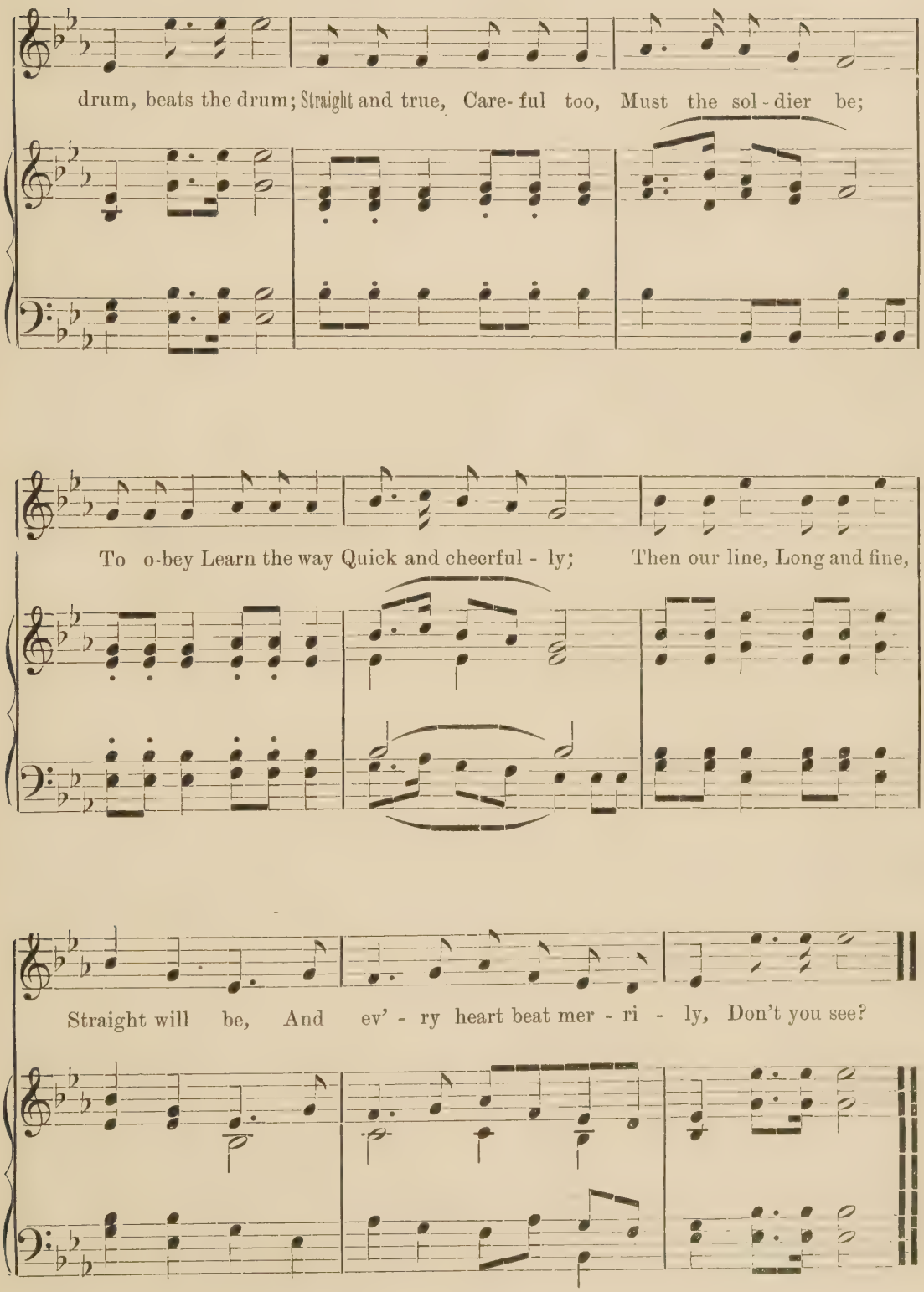
p
fz
1. A sword and a gun, A gay pranc-ing steed, My
2. He march-es all day Till the sun-set is red, Cap-tain
p
fz
brave sol-dier boy, What more can he need? Trrrr um trrrr um trrrr
Sleep then commands, Comrades, march, march to bed! Trrrr um trrrr um trrrr
f
um te tum te tum, Trrrr um, What more can he need?
um te tum te tum, Trrrr um, March, march in-to bed!
f

* By permission of "The Outlook."

Left Foot! Right!

Marcato. German.

Left foot! Right! Left foot! Right! Off we go, A -
march - ing in a mer - ry row, mer - ry row,
Fa - ces bright, Footfalls light, Here we come, As stead - y, steady beats the


drum, beats the drum; Straight and true, Care- ful too, Must the sol - dier be;
To o-bey Learn the way Quick and cheerful - ly; Then our line, Long and fine,
Straight will be, And ev' - ry heart beat mer - ri - ly, Don't you see?

The Wandering Workmen.

Con spirito. GERMAN.

1. March! march! com - rades gay, We're young and fresh and strong.
March! march! Good com - pa - ny Makes short the way that's long.
Oh, we're a band of work - ing folk, In ev' - ry town we
try our luck, Our voi - ces clear are ring - ing and sing - ing.

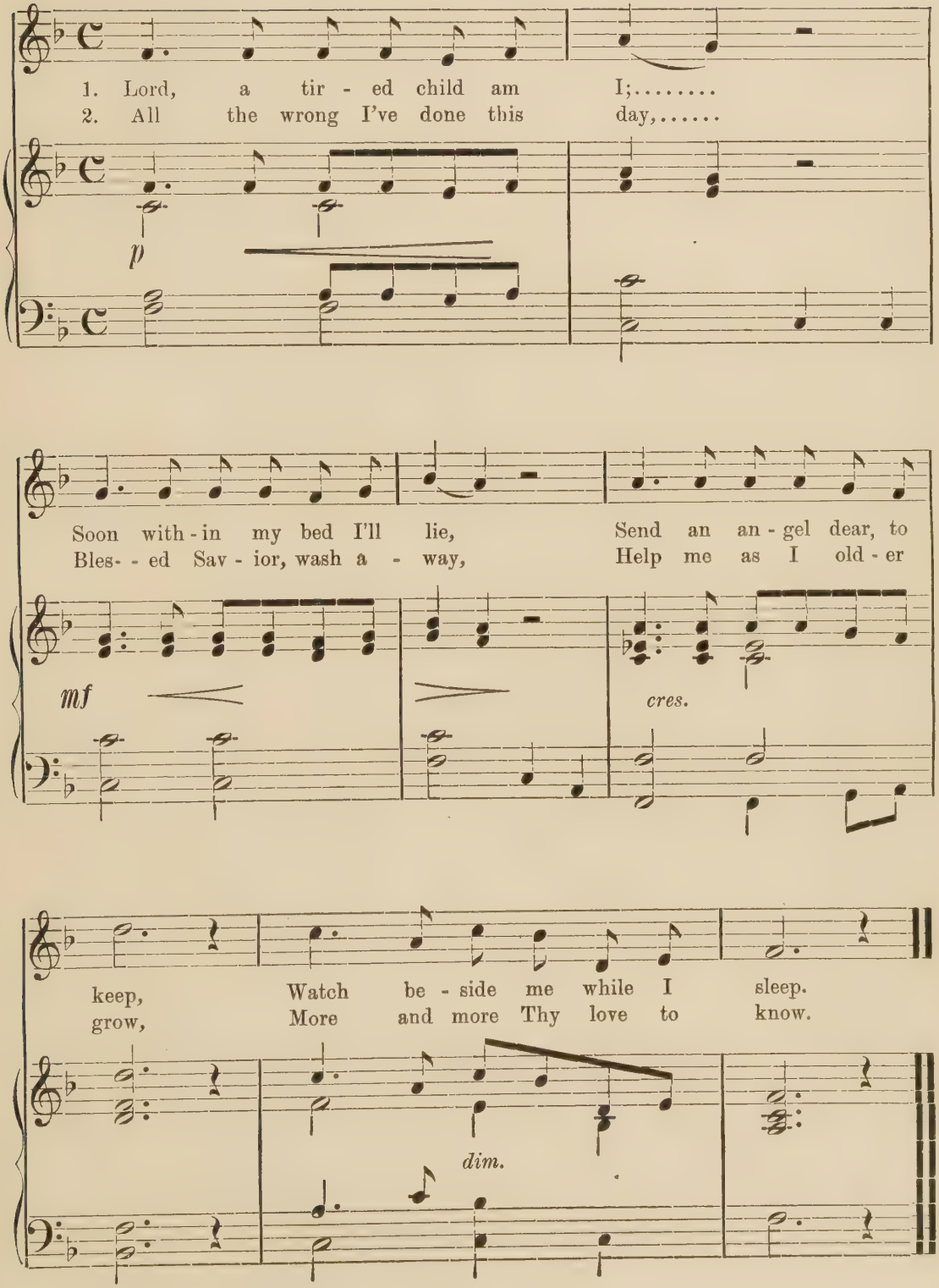
2 March! march! comrades gay,
We're young and fresh and strong;
March! march! good company
Makes short the way that's long.
Oh, we are cobblers deft and quick,
We'll make your shoes both strong and thick,
At once we'll take your measure with pleasure.

3 March! march! comrades gay,
We're young and fresh and strong;
March! march! good company
Makes short the way that's long.
Good carpenters you need not lack,
With bright sharp tools in leathern sack,
To build your house or stable, we're able.

4 March! march! comrades gay,
We're young and fresh and strong;
March! march! good company
Makes short the way that's long.
And here's a little tailor band
With shears and needle all at hand,
We'll make your coat and vest, sir, the best, sir!

Evening Song.

FOLK SONG.


1. Lord, a tir - ed child am I;.....
2. All the wrong I've done this day,.....
p
Soon with - in my bed I'll lie, Send an an - gel dear, to
Bles- - ed Sav - ior, wash a - way, Help me as I old - er
mf
cres.
keep, Watch be - side me while I sleep.
grow, More and more Thy love to know.
dim.

Good-bye Song.

L. A. C. FOLK SONG.

Andantino.

1. Good - bye! Good - bye! An - oth - er
2. Good - bye! Our work is put a -
p
day has gone of pleas - ant work and hap - py
way, All rea - dy for an - oth - er
play. Good - bye to each dear lit - tle
day, Good - bye to you our teach - er
p

Good-bye Song. Concluded.

friend,..... The hap - piest day must have an
dear,..... Good - bye till next we meet you
end,.... Wait un - til the morn - ing
here;.... For wheth - er dark or fair the
sky An - oth - er brings, Good - bye! Good - bye!
sky, We're al - ways glad, Good - bye! Good - bye!

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